Return this book on or before the
Latest Date stamped below.

University of Illinois Library

DEC - 3 1959

AUG 31 2005

L161—H41

1022
v. 1

POPULAR NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

ROCHE BLANCHE; or, THE HUNTERS of the PYRENEES. A ROMANCE. By Miss A. M. PORTER. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.*

THE THREE PERILS OF MAN; or, WAR, WOMEN, and WITCHCRAFT. A Border Romance. By JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd. In 3 Vols. Price 1*l.* 4*s.*

MADELINE. A TALE. By Mrs. OPIE. In 2 Vols. Price 14*s.* Bds.

THE REFUGEES. A NOVEL. By the Author of Correction, &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

TALES OF THE MANOR. By Mrs. HOFFLAND, Author of Tales of the Priory. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

MALPAS; or, LE POURSUIVANT D'AMOUR. A ROMANCE. By the Author of the Cavalier. In 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

OLD STORIES. By Miss SPENCE, Author of Letters from the Highlands, &c. In 2 Vols. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

THE WOMAN of GENIUS. A NOVEL. By the Author of the Bachelor and the Married Man, &c. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

THE CAVALIER. A Romance. By LEE GIBBONS, Student at Law. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

THE HALL of HELLINGSLEY. A TALE. By SIR S. E. BRYDGES, Bart. &c. &c. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 18*s.* Bds.

HELEN DE TOURNON. A NOVEL. By MADAME DE SOUZA, Author of Adèle de Sénange, &c. Translated from the French. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

CALTHORPE; or, Fallen Fortunes. A NOVEL. By the Author of The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

THE LOLLARDS. A TALE; founded on the Persecutions which marked the Commencement of the Fifteenth Century. By the Author of the Mystery, &c. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.*

MRS. OPIE.

MADELINE. A Tale. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 14*s.* Bds.

TALES OF THE HEART. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 8*s.* Bds.

NEW TALES. Third Edition. In 4 Vols, 12mo. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* Bds.

CONTENTS:—Mrs. Arlington; or, All is not Gold that glitters—Proposals of Marriage—White Lies—Henry Woodville—The Young Man of the World—A Tale of Trials—An Odd Tempered Man—The Ruffian Boy; a Tale founded on Fact—The Welcome Home; or, the Ball.

VALENTINE'S EVE. A Novel. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Second Edition. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

TALES OF REAL LIFE. In 3 Vols. 12mo. The Third Edit. Price 18*s.* Bds.

"These volumes possess the same pathetic eloquence, and accurate development of human motives and feelings, which must always charm in the writings of this author; and by which she is enabled to make the strangest fictions appear, in her narration, to be *Tales of Real Life.*"—*Mon. Rev.*

SIMPLE TALES. The 4th Edition. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

"In the tales now before us we find much of the same merits as in her beautiful story of Adeline Mowbray; the same truth and delicacy of sentiment, the same graceful simplicity in the dialogue parts of the work; and the same happy art of presenting ordinary feelings and occurrences in a manner that irresistibly commands our sympathy and affection."—*Ed. Rev.*

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Tale. The 8th Edit. with a Frontispiece. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

"This tale is replete with interest, and possesses pathos enough to affect the heart of the most callous or critical readers."—*Mon. Rev.*

TEMPER; OR, DOMESTIC SCENES. A Tale. 3d Edit. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

MRS. WEST.

THE LOYALISTS. A Tale of other Times. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

"We are delighted with this book, which is at once original and interesting."
Brit. Crit.

THE REFUSAL. A Novel. In 3 Volumes, 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

"The writings of Mrs. West are distinguished always not only by their powerful tendency to promote the best objects, morality and religion; in the present production all these qualities are conspicuous. To our feelings what it contains for amusement is good, but what it intimates or expresses for instruction is admirable."—*British Crit.*

MISS PORTER.

THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE. A Novel. The 2d Edition. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. A Romance. In 5 Vols. 12mo. The 4th Edition. Price 1*l.* 15*s.* Bds.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW. A Novel. The 8th Edition. In 4 Vols. Price 18*s.* Bds.

MISS A. M. PORTER.

ROCHE BLANCHE; or, THE HUNTERS of the PYRENEES. A ROMANCE. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.*

THE VILLAGE of MARIENDORPT. A ROMANCE. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* Bds.

THE FAST OF ST. MAGDALEN. A ROMANCE. The 2d Edition. In Three Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN. A Romance. 3d Edition. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

THE RECLUSE OF NORWAY. 2d Edit. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

DON SEBASTIAN; OR, The HOUSE of BRAGANZA. A Historical Romance. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 21*s.* Bds.

"Miss Porter is entitled to rank among the best of our living novelists. To the leading traits of character with which history has furnished her, our author has of course added a thousand charms, and she has certainly succeeded, in interesting us extremely in the fate of Don Sebastian."—*Crit. Rev.*

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS. In 3 Vols. 12mo. The 4th Edit. Price 16*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

MISS SPENCE.

OLD STORIES. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY. In Three Volumes, 16*s.* 6*d.* Boards.

MISS HUTTON.

OAKWOOD HALL. A NOVEL. Including a Description of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, and a Part of South Wales. In 3 Vols. 12mo. 16*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

THE WELSH MOUNTAINEER. A Novel. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 16*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

THE MISER MARRIED. A Novel. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 15*s.* Bds.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO. A Romance; interspersed with some Pieces of Poetry. The 7th Edit. In 4 vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* Bds.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST; interspersed with some Pieces of Poetry. The 7th Edition. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 15*s.* Bds.

A SICILIAN ROMANCE. The 4th Edition. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 8*s.* Bds.

THE CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE. A Highland Story. The 4th Edition. 12mo. Price 5*s.* 6*d.* Bds.

MRS. HOFFLAND.

TALES OF THE PRIORY. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

TALES OF THE MANOR. In 4 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.*

MRS. BRUNTON.

DISCIPLINE. A Novel. 3d Edit. In 3 Vols. Post 8vo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

SELF-CONTROL. A Novel. The 4th Edit. In 3 Vols. Post 8vo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

"We ascribe great merit to this novel. Some of Laura's maxims deserve to become universal aphorisms, and the examples of her self-denial are told in a plain unaffected way."—*Mon. Rev.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ABBOT. A Romance. By the Author of Waverley, &c. In 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

THE MONASTERY. A Romance. By the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

ROB ROY. A Novel. In Three Volumes. By the AUTHOR of WAVERLEY, &c. 3d Edit. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

SIR FRANCIS DARRELL; or, the Vortex. A Novel. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. Author of Percival, Aubrey, Morland, &c. &c. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* Bds.

TALES OF IMAGINATION. By the Author of Bachelor and Married Man. 3 Vols. 12mo. 18*s.* Bds.

DOMESTIC SCENES. By Lady Humdrum, Author of more Works than bear her Name. In 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Bds.

EVELEEN MOUNTJOY; or, Views of Life. By Mrs. ROBERT MOORE. In Four Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards.

LEOLIN ABBEY. A Novel. By Miss Lefanu, Author of Strathallan. In Three Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards.

DUDLEY. A Novel. By Miss O'Keefe, Author of Patriarchal Times, Zenobia, &c. Three Vols. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards.

CORRECTION. A Novel. By the Author of Decision. Second Edition. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards.

NORTHERN IRISH TALES; founded on Facts. By J. GAMBLE, Esq. Author of Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland, Sarsfield, &c. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 12*s.* Bds.

DUTY. A Novel. By the late Mrs. ROBERTS, Author of "Rose and Emily." Interspersed with Poetry, and preceded by a Character of the Author. By Mrs. OPIE. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 12*s.* Bds.

CHRISTABELLE, THE MAID OF ROUEN. A Novel, founded on Facts. By Mrs. HANWAY, Author of "Ellinor," "Andrew Stuart," and "Falconbridge Abbey." In 4 Vols. 12mo. Price 1*l.* 4*s.* Bds.

THE WANDERER; or, FEMALE DIFFICULTIES. By the Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla." The Second Edition. In 5 Vols. 12mo. Price 2*l.* 2*s.* Bds.

TRADITIONAL TALES

OF THE

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, A DRAMATIC POEM; &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend, or its song."

Sir Walter Scott.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

FLEET-STREET.

1822.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

823
C91T
1822
v.1

PREFACE.

It may be expected that something should be said concerning a series of stories for which the title-page appears to claim an oral origin. Traditional tales, interspersed with oral poetry, have been long popular among our northern peasantry. When our early written literature was filled with the thoughts, and the imagery, and the gods of the heathen, our oral or fire-side verse and prose was purely original and native, abounding with

vivid presentments of action and character, an imagery fresh and green, and frequent glimpses of a sweet and a gentle fancy.

In former times, and within my own remembrance, old men wandered from house to house, chanting ballads, reciting portions of the old romances, and curious stories of real or fictitious adventure. I have listened to these oral novelists at our farmers' hearths, when they pleased many an audience, and, like the minstrel of old, "won their food and their raiment, of which they were worthy." The stories were varied, according to the taste or talent of the reciter: every year brought a change in the plot or the succession

of incidents; matters of local interest or recent occurrence found their way into the venerable narratives, and new songs displaced the original rhymes or shared with them the applause which accompanied such recitals. Sometimes it happened that the narrative remained the same, but the scene was shifted, and the little episodical embellishments were wholly altered, while the ballads which commonly pertained to the story, had their heroines removed, and some present or popular beauty was placed for the time in their stead. Such has been the change to which many of our northern lyrics have been doubtless subjected.

"We still meet with Highlanders," says Colonel David Stewart, in his interesting work, "who can give a connected and minutely accurate detail of the history, genealogy, feuds, and battles of all the tribes and families in every district or glen for many miles round, and for a period of several hundred years; illustrating their details by reference to every remarkable stone, cairn, tree, or stream within the district; connecting with each some kindred story of a fairy or a ghost, or the death of some person who perished in the snow, by any sudden disaster, or accidental rencounter. In the graphic delineations of the Celtic narrator,

the representation of adventures, whether romantic or domestic, was enlivened by dramatic sketches, which introduced him as speaking or conversing in an appropriate and characteristic manner."

The attachment of our peasantry to the recital or chant of chivalrous ballads or superstitious legends, has abated by the diffusion of printed knowledge. The oral wisdom, the unwritten sallies of wit and humour, the lyric compositions and legendary histories, have begun to vanish like all unrecorded things. Information and pleasure can now be purchased and enjoyed in silence at our own fire-side.

To these humble and wandering novelists I owe the origin of many of the stories which are inserted in this collection *. I am more the collector and embellisher, than the creator of these tales; and such as are not immediately copied from recitation are founded upon traditions or stories prevalent in the north. The old narrative fire-side mode of story-telling, liable as it was to interruptions and corrections from the audience, has not been departed from; and the stamp and the hue which the various minds of men communicated to their various stories have been retained.

These tales and legends, rude and

imperfect as they are, have sweetened for me many an hour of remission from daily labour, and, by the light of my evening fire, have given me a pleasure which the kindness or the severity of criticism can scarcely enlarge or lessen. Forbearance and gentleness need hardly be solicited for the narratives which gladdened or moved our forefathers. There is an air of reality about truth with which fiction can never invest herself, and an enjoyment in her company which passes not away. What belief the higher classes of the community may attach to these legends, I cannot pretend to foresee; but nothing is

TRADITIONAL TALES.

EZRA PEDEN.

I sat and watch'd while all men slept, and lo!
Between the green earth and the deep green sea
I saw bright spirits pass, pure as the touch
Of May's first finger on the eastern hill.
Behind them follow'd fast a little cloud;
And from the cloud an evil spirit came—
A damned shape—one who in the dark pit
Held sovereign sway; and power to him was given
To chase the blessed spirits from the earth,
And rule it for a season.
Soon he shed
His hellish slough, and many a subtle wile
Was his to seem a heavenly spirit to man.
First he a hermit, sore subdued in flesh,
O'er a cold cruse of water and a crust,
Pour'd out meek prayers abundant. Then he changed
Into a maid when she first dreams of man,
And from beneath two silken eyelids sent
The sidelong light of two such wondrous eyes,
That all the saints grew sinners. He subdued
Those wanton smiles, and grew a reverend dame,
With wintry ringlets, and grave lips, which dropt
Proverbial honey in her grandson's ear.
Then a professor of God's word he seem'd,
And o'er a multitude of upturn'd eyes
Shower'd blessed dews, and made the pitchy path,
Down which howl damned spirits, seem the bright
Thrice hallow'd way to heaven. Yet grimly through
The glorious veil of those seducing shapes
Frown'd out the fearful Spirit.

THE religious legend which supplies my story with the motto, affords me no

farther assistance in arranging and interpreting the varying traditional remembrances of the colloquies between one of the chiefs of the ancient Presbyterian kirk and one of the inferior spirits of darkness. It is seldom that tradition requires any illustration; its voice is clear, and its language simple—it seeks to conceal nothing—what it can explain it explains, and scorns, in the homely accuracy of its protracted details, all mystery and reservation. But in the present story there is much which the popular spirit of research would dread to have revealed; a something too mystical and hallowed to be sought into by a devout people. Often as I have listened to it, I never heard it repeated without mutual awe in the teller and the auditor. The most intrepid peasant becomes graver and graver as he proceeds, stops before the natural termination of the story, and hesitates to pry into the supernatural darkness of the tradition. It would be unwise therefore

to seek to expound or embellish the legend—it shall be told as it was told to me: I am but as an humble priest responding from the traditionary oracles, and the words of other years pass without change from between my lips.

Ezra Peden was one of the shepherds of the early Presbyterian flock, and distinguished himself as an austere and enthusiastic pastor; fearless in his ministration, delighting in wholesome discipline, and guiding in the way of grace the peer as well as the peasant. He grappled boldly with the infirmities and sins of the times; he spared not the rod in the way of his ministry; and if in the time of peril he laid his hand on the sword, in the time of peace his delight was to place it on the horns of the altar. He spared no vice, he compounded with no sin, and he discussed men's claims to immortal happiness with a freedom which made them tremble. Amid the fervour of his eloquence, he aspired, like some of his fel-

low-professors of that period, to the prophetic mantle. Plain and simple in his own apparel, he counted the mitred glory and exterior magnificence of the hierarchy a sin and an abomination, and preferred preaching on a wild hill or in a lonesome glen to the most splendid edifice.

Wherever he sojourned, dance and song fled:—the former he accounted a devoting of limbs which God made to the worship of Satan; the latter he believed to be a sinful meting out of wanton words to a heathen measure. Satan, he said, leaped and danced, and warbled and sung, when he came to woo to perdition the giddy sons and daughters of men. He dictated the colour and the cut of men's clothes—it was seemly for those who sought salvation to seek it in a sober suit—and the ladies of his parish were obliged to humble their finery, and sober down their pride, before his sarcastic sermons on female paintings, and plumings,

and perfumings, and the unloveliness of love-locks. He sought to make a modest and sedate grace abound among women; courtship was schooled and sermoned into church controversy, and love into mystical professions; the common civilities between the sexes were doled out with a suspicious hand and a jealous charity, and the primrose path through the groves of dalliance to the sober vale of marriage was planted with thorns and sown with briars.

He had other endowments not uncommon among the primitive teachers of the word. In his day, the empire of the prince of darkness was more manifest among men than now, and his ministry was distinguished, like the reign of king Saul, by the persecution of witches, and elves, and evil spirits. He made himself the terror of all those who dealt in divinations, or consulted the stars, or sought to avert witchcraft by sinful spell and charm, instead of overcoming it by sor-

rowings and spiritual watchings. The midnight times of planetary power he held as the prime moments of Satan's glory on earth, and he punished Hallowmass revellers as chief priests in the infernal rites. He consigned to church censure and the chastening of rods a wrinkled dame who sold a full sea and a fair wind to mariners, and who insulted the apostles, and made a mystical appeal to the twelve signs of heaven in setting a brood goose with a dozen eggs. His wrath too was observed to burn against all those who compounded with witches, and people who carried evil influence in their eyes—this was giving tribute to the fiend, and bribing the bottomless pit.

He rebuked a venerable dame, during three successive Sundays, for placing a cream bowl and new-baked cake in the paths of the nocturnal elves who, she imagined, had plotted to steal her grandson from the mother's bosom. He turned loose many scripture threatenings

against those diminutive and capricious beings, the fairies, and sought to preach them from the land. He prayed on every green hill, and held communings in every green valley. He wandered forth at night, as a spiritual champion, to give battle to the enemies of the light. The fairies resigned the contest with a foe equipped from such an armoury, and came no more among the sons and daughters of men. The sound of their minstrelsy ceased on the hill; their equestrian processions were seen no more sweeping past at midnight beneath the beam of the half-veiled moon; and only a solitary and sullen elf or two remained to lament the loss of their immemorial haunts. With the spirits of evil men and the lesser angels of darkness he waged a fierce and a dubious war; he evoked an ancient ghost from a ruined tower, which it had shared for generations with the owl; and he laid or tranquillized a fierce and troubled spirit which haunted the abode

of a miser in a neighbouring churchyard, and seemed to gibber and mumble over his bones. All these places were purified by prayer, and hallowed by the blessing of the gifted pastor, Ezra Peden.

The place of his ministry seemed fitted by nature, and largely endowed by history, for the reception and entertainment of all singular and personified beliefs. Part was maritime and part mountainous, uniting the aerial creeds of the shepherds with the stern and more imposing beliefs of the husbandman, and the wild and characteristic superstitions of the sailors. It often happened, when he had marched against and vanquished a sin or a superstition of native growth, he was summoned to wage war with a new foe; to contend with a legion of errors, and a strange race of spirits from the haunted coasts of Norway or Sweden. All around him on every side were records of the mouldering influence of the enemies of faith and charity. On the hill where the

heathen Odin had appeared to his worshippers in the circle of granite, the pillars of his Runic temple promised to be immortal—but the god was gone, and his worship was extinct. The sword, the spear, and the banner, had found sanctuary from fields of blood on several lofty promontories; but shattered towers and dismantled castles told that for a time hatred, oppression, and revenge had ceased to triumph over religion. Persecution now passed and gone, a demon exorcised by the sword, had hallowed three wild hills and sanctified two little green valleys with the blood of martyrs. Their gravestones, bedded among heather or long grass, cried up to Heaven against their oppressors in verses which could not surely fail to elude the punishment awarded by the kirk against poesy. Storms, and quicksands, and unskilful mariners, or, as common belief said, the evil spirits of the deep, had given to the dangerous coast the wrecks of three

stately vessels; and there they made their mansions, and raised whirlwinds, and spread quicksands, and made sandbanks, with a wicked diligence, which neither prayer nor preaching could abate. The forms under which these restless spirits performed their pranks have unfortunately been left undefined by a curious and a poetical peasantry.

It happened one winter, during the fifteenth year of the ministry of Ezra Peden, and in the year of grace 1705, that he sat by his fire pondering deep among the treasures of the ancient Presbyterian worthies, and listening occasionally to the chafing of the coming tide against cliff and bank, and the fitful sweep of heavy gusts of wind over the roof of his manse. During the day he had seemed more thoughtful than usual; he had consulted scripture with an anxious care, and fortified his own interpretation of the sacred text by the wisdom of some of the chiefs and masters of

the calling. A Bible too, bound in black oak, and clasped with silver, from the page of which sin had received many a rebuke, and the abominations of witchcraft and sorcery had been cleansed from the land, was brought from its velvet sanctuary, and placed beside him. Thus armed and prepared, he sat like a watcher of old on the towers of Judah; like one who girds up his loins and makes bare his right arm for some fierce and dubious contest.

All this stir and preparation passed not unnoticed of an old man—his predecessor's coeval, and prime minister of the household; a person thin, religious, and faithful, whose gifts in prayer were reckoned by some old people nearly equal to those of the anointed pastor. To such a distinction Josiah never thought of aspiring; he contented himself with swelling the psalm into something like melody on Sunday, visiting the sick as a forerunner of his master's approach,

and pouring forth prayers and graces at burials and banquetings, as long and dreary as a hill sermon. He looked on the minister as something superior to man; a being possessed by a divine spirit, and he shook his head with all its silver hairs, and uttered a gentle groan or two, during some of the more rapt and glowing passages of Ezra's sermons.

This faithful personage stood at the door of his master's chamber, unwilling to go in, and yet loth to depart. "Josiah, thou art called, Josiah," said Ezra in a grave tone, "so come hither; the soul of an evil man, a worker of iniquity, is about to depart; one who drank the blood of saints, and made himself fat with the inheritance of the righteous. It hath been revealed to me that his body is sorely troubled; but I say unto you he will not go from the body without the strong compulsion of prayer, and therefore am I summoned to war with the enemy; so I shall arm me to the task."

Josiah was tardy in speech, and before he could reply, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard at the gate: the rider leaped down, and, splashed with mire and sprinkled with sleet, he stood in an instant before the minister. "Ah! sir," said the unceremonious messenger, "haste—snatch up the looms of redemption, and bide not the muttering of prayer, else auld Mahoun will haurl his friend Bonshaw to his cauldrons, body and saul, if he has nae him half-way hame already. God-sake, sir, start and fly, for he cannot shoot owre another hour!—he talks of perdition, and speaks about a broad road and a great fire, and friends who have travelled the way before him. He's no his lane, however, that's one comfort; for I left him conversing with an old cronie, whom no one saw but himself—ane whose bones are ripe and rotten—and mickle they talked of a place called Tophet, a hot enough region, if one can credit them: but I aye doubt the accounts

of such travellers,—they are like the spies of the land of promise——"

"Silence thy unreverent tongue, and think of thy latter end with fear and trembling," said Ezra, in a stern voice. "Mount thy horse, and follow me to the evil man, thy master; brief's the time, and black's the account, and stern and inexorable will the summoning angel be." And leaping on their horses, they passed from the manse, and sought out the bank of a little busy stream which, augmented by a fall of sleet, lifted up a voice amid its rocky and desolate glen equal to the clamour of a mightier brook. The glen or dell was rough with sharp and projecting crags, which, hanging forward at times from opposite sides, seemed to shut out all farther way; while from between their dark grey masses the rivulet leaped out in many divided streams. The brook again gathered together its waters, and subsided into several clear deep pools, on which the moon, escaping for a

moment from the edge of a cloud of snow, threw a cold and wavering gleam. Along the sweeps of the stream a rough way, shaped more by nature than by the hands of man, winded among the rocks, and along this path proceeded Ezra, pondering on the vicissitudes of human life.

At length he came where the glen expanded, and the sides became steep and woody; amid a grove of decaying trees, the mansion of Bonshaw rose, square and grey. Its walls of rough granite were high and massive; the roof ascending steep and sharp carried a covering of red sand-stone flags; around the whole the rivulet poured its scanty waters in a deep moat, while a low-browed door, guarded by loopholes, gave it the character of a place of refuge and defence. Though decayed and war-worn now, it had, in former times, been a fair and a courtly spot. A sylvan nook or arbour, scooped out of the everlasting rock, was

wreathed about with honeysuckles; a little pool, with a margin studded with the earliest primroses, lay at its entrance; and a garden, redeemed by the labour of man from the sterile upland, had its summer roses and its beds of lilies, all bearing token of some gentle and departed inhabitant.

As he approached the house, a candle glimmered in a small square window, and threw a line or two of straggling light along the path. At the foot of the decayed porch he observed the figure of a man kneeling, and presently he heard a voice chanting what sounded like a psalm or a lyke-wake hymn. Ezra alighted, and approached—the form seemed insensible of his presence, but stretched his hands towards the tower; and while the feathery snow descended on his grey hair, he poured his song forth, in a slow and melancholy manner. "I protest," said the messenger, "here kneels old William Cameron, the Covenanter; hearken,

he pours out some odd old-world malison against Bonshaw. I have heard that the laird hunted him long and sore in his youth, slew his sons, burned his house, threw his two bonnie daughters desolate—that was nae gentle deed, however—and brake the old mother's heart with downright sorrow. Sae I canna much blame the dour old carle for remembering it even now, though the candles of Bonshaw are burning in the socket, and his light will be extinguished for ever. Let us hearken his psalm or his song; it is no every winter night we have minstrelsy at Bonshaw gate, I can tell ye that." The following are the verses, which have been preserved under the title of "Ane godly exultation of William Cameron, a chosen vessel, over Bonshaw, the persecutor." I have adopted a plainer, but a less descriptive, title.

THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

1.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
A tongue in every stone;
The greenwood sings a song of joy,
Since thou art dead and gone;
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
And songs of triumph swell,
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
The downfal of Dalzell.

2.

As I raised up my voice to sing
I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
Since thou art past away:
I hear no more the battle shout,
The martyrs' dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
From their foundation-stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The deathshot and the yell
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
For thy downfal, Dalzell.

3.

I 've trod thy banner in the dust,
And caused the raven call
From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
I 've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
And silent now to fame
Art thou, save when the orphan casts
His curses on thy name.
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
A long and last farewell:
There 's hope for every sin save thine—
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

4.

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
Where punish'd spirits wail,
And ghastly death throws wide her door,
And hails thee with a Hail.
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have
That spoke through hollow bones:—
"Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
From earth to howling hell;
He comes, the persecutor comes!
All hail to thee, Dalzell!"

5.

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
A wind, and with a moan
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
Even fellow bone to bone.
" Lo! there he goes," I heard them cry,
" Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
And pass'd them 'neath his brand.
Curs'd be the spot where he was born,
There let the adders dwell,
And from his father's hearthstone hiss:
All hail to thee, Dalzell!"

6.

I saw thee growing like a tree—
Thy green head touch'd the sky—
But birds far from thy branches built,
The wild deer pass'd thee by;
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
Glad summer scorned to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
Beside thy dwelling place:
The axe has come and hewn thee down,
Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

7.

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
His head like thine is grey;
Grey with the woes of many years,
Years four-score and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his;
Two daughters, sweet and rare;
An old dame, dearer than them all,
And lands both broad and fair:—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

8.

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
A warrior tried and true
As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
The splintering lances flew.
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
And hew thy foes down fast,
When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
And Gordon stood aghast,
And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
As one redeem'd from hell.
I came to curse thee—and I weep:
So go in peace, Dalzell.

When this wild and unusual rhyme concluded, the Cameronian arose and departed, and Ezra and his conductor entered the chamber of the dying man.

He found him stretched on a couch of state, more like a warrior cut in marble than a breathing being. He had still a stern and a martial look, and his tall and stalwart frame retained something of that ancient exterior beauty for which his youth was renowned. His helmet, spoiled by time of its plumage, was placed on his head; a rusty corslet was on his bosom; in his arms, like a bride, lay his broad and famous sword; and as he looked at it, the battles of his youth passed in array before him. Armour and arms hung grouped along the walls, and banners, covered with many a quaint and devotional device, waved in their places as the domestic closed the door on Ezra and the dying warrior in the chamber of presence.

The devout man stood and regarded his

ancient parishioner with a meek and sorrowful look; but nothing visible or present employed Bonshaw's reflections or moved his spirit—his thoughts had wandered back to earlier years, and to scenes of peril and blood. He imagined himself at the head of his horsemen in the hottest period of the persecution, chasing the people from rock to rock, and from glen to cavern. His imagination had presented to his eye the destruction of the children of William Cameron:—he addressed their mother in a tone of ironical supplication. "Woman, where is thy devout husband, and thy five holy sons? Are they busied in interminable prayers or everlasting sermons? Whisper it in mine ear, woman—thou hast made that reservation doubtless in thy promise of concealment. Come, else I will wrench the truth out of thee with these gentle catechists, the thumbscrew and the bootikin. Serving the Lord, sayest thou,

woman? Why, that is rebelling against the king. Come, come, a better answer, else I'll make thee a bride for a saint on a bloody bed of heather." Here he paused and waved his hand like a warrior at the head of armed men, and thus he continued: "Come, uncock thy carbine, and harm not the woman till she hear the good tidings. Sister, saint, how many bairns have ye? I bless God, saith she, five—Reuben, Simon, Levi, Praisegod, and Patrick. A bonny generation, woman. Here, soldier, remove the bandages from the faces of those two young men before ye shoot them. There stands Patrick, and that other is Simon:—dost thou see the youngest of thy affections? The other three are in Sarah's bosom—thyself shalt go to Abraham's. The woman looks as if she doubted me:—here, toss to her those three heads—often have they lain in her lap, and mickle have they prayed in their time. Out, thou simpleton! canst thou

not endure the sight of the heads of thine own fair-haired sons, the smell of powder, and the flash of a couple of carbines?"

The reacting of that ancient tragedy seemed to exhaust for a little while the old persecutor—he next imagined himself receiving the secret instructions of the Council. "What, what, my lord, must all this pleasant work fall to me? A reeking house and a crowing cock shall be scarce things in Nithsdale. Weepings and wailings shall be rife—the grief of mothers, and the moaning of fatherless babes. There shall be smoking ruins and roofless kirks, and prayers uttered in secret, and sermons preached at a venture and a hazard on the high and solitary places. Where is General Turner?—gone where the wine is good? And where is Grierson? has he begun to talk of repentance?—Gordon thinks of the unquenchable fire which the martyred Cameronian raved about; and gentle Graeme vows he will cut no more throats unless they wear

laced cravats. Awell, my lords; I am the king's servant and not Christ's, and shall boune me to the task."

His fancy flew over a large extent of time, and what he uttered now may be supposed to be addressed to some invisible monitor; he seemed not aware of the presence of the minister. "Auld, say you, and grey headed, and the one foot in the grave; it is time to repent, and spice and perfume over my rottenness, and prepare for heaven? I'll tell ye, but ye must not speak on't—I tried to pray late yestreen—I knelt down and I held up my hands to heaven—and what think ye I beheld? a widow woman and her five fair sons standing between me and the Most High, and calling out 'Woe, woe on Bonshaw.' I threw myself with my face to the earth, and what got I between my hands? A gravestone which covered five martyrs, and cried out against me for blood which I had wantonly shed. I heard voices from the dust whispering

around me—and the angel which watched of old over the glory of my house hid his face with his hands, and I beheld the evil spirits arise with power to punish me for a season. I'll tell ye what I will do —among the children of those I have slain shall my inheritance be divided— so sit down, holy sir, and sit down, most learned man, and hearken to my bequest. To the children of three men slain on Iron-grey moor—to the children of two slain on Closeburn-hill—to—no, no, all that crowd, that multitude, cannot be the descendants of those whom I doomed to perish by the rope, and the pistol, and the sword. Away, I say, ye congregation of zealots and psalm-singers! —disperse, I say, else I shall trample ye down beneath my horse's hoofs! Peace, thou white-headed stirrer of sedition, else I shall cleave thee to the collar!— wilt thou preach still?"

Here the departing persecutor uttered a wild imprecation, clenched his teeth,

leaped to his feet, waved his sword, and stood for several moments, his eyes flashing from them a fierce light, and his whole strength gathered into a blow which he aimed at his imaginary adversary. But he stiffened as he stood—a brief shudder passed over his frame, and he was dead before he fell on the floor, and made the hall re-echo. The minister raised him in his arms—a smile of military joy still dilated his stern face—and his hand grasped the sword hilt so firmly, that it required some strength to wrench it from his hold. Sore, sore the good pastor lamented that he had no death-bed communings with the departing chief, and he expressed this so frequently, that the peasantry said, on the day of his burial, that it would bring back his spirit to earth and vex mankind, and that Ezra would find him particularly untractable and bold. Of these whisperings he took little heed, but he became somewhat more grave and austere than usual.

It happened on an evening about the close of the following spring, when the oat beard was flourishing, and the barley shot its sharp green spikes above the clod, carrying the dew on the third morning, that Ezra Peden was returning from a wedding at Buckletiller. When he left the bridal chamber it was about ten o'clock. His presence had suppressed for a time the natural ardour for dancing and mirth which characterises the Scotch; but no sooner was he mounted, and the dilatory and departing clatter of his horse's hoofs heard, than musicians and musical instruments appeared from their hiding-places. The floor was disencumbered of the bridal dinner tables, the maids bound up their long hair, and the hinds threw aside their mantles, and, taking their places and their partners, the restrained mirth broke out like a whirlwind. Old men looked on with a sigh, and uttered a feeble and faint remonstrance, which they were not unwill-

ing should be drowned in the abounding and augmenting merriment.

The pastor had reached the entrance of a little wild and seldom frequented glen, along which a grassy and scarce visible road winded to an ancient burial-ground. Here the graceless and ungodly merriment first reached his ears, and made the woody hollow ring and resound. Horse and rider seemed possessed of the same spirit—the former made a full halt when he heard the fiddle note, while the latter, uttering a very audible groan, and laying his bridle on his horse's neck, pondered on the wisest and most effectual way of repressing this unseemly merriment—of cleansing the parish of this ancient abomination. It was a beautiful night—the unrisen moon had yet a full hour of travel before she could reach the tops of the eastern hills—the wind was mute, and no sound was abroad save the chafing of a small runnel—and the bridal mirth.

While Ezra sat casting in his own mind a long and a dubious contest with this growing and unseemly sin, something like the shadowy outline of a horse and rider appeared in the path. The night was neither light nor dark, and the way, grassy and soft, lay broad and uninterrupted between two hazel and holly groves. As the pastor lifted up his eyes, he beheld a dark rider reining up a dark horse side by side with his own, nor did he seem to want any accoutrement necessary for ruling a fine and intractable steed. As he gazed, the figure became more distinct—it seemed a tall martial form, with a slouched hat and feather, and a dark and ample mantle, which was muffled up to his eyes. From the waist downward all was indistinct, and horse and rider seemed to melt into one dark mass visible in the outline alone. Ezra was too troubled in spirit to court the intrusion of a stranger upon his meditations; he bent on him a look particularly

forbidding and stern, and having made up his mind to permit the demon of mirth and minstrelsy to triumph for the present, rode slowly down the glen.

But side by side with Ezra, and step by step, even as shadow follows substance, moved the mute and intrusive stranger—the minister looked at his companion, and stirred his steed onward—with corresponding speed moved the other, till they came where the road branched off to a ruined castle. Up this way, with the wish to avoid his new friend, Ezra turned his horse; the other did the same: the former seemed suddenly to change his mind, and returned to the path that led to the old burial-ground; the latter was instantly at his side, his face still hidden in the folds of his mantle.

Now Ezra was stern and unaccommodating in kirk controversy, and the meek and gentle spirit of religion, and a sense of spiritual interest, had enough to do to appease and sober down a temper na-

turally bold and even warlike. Exasperated at this intruding stranger, his natural triumphed over his acquired spirit, and lifting his riding-stick, and starting up in his stirrups, he aimed a blow equal to the unhorsing of any ordinary mortal. But the weapon met with no obstruction —it seemed to descend through air alone. The minister gazed with dread on this invulnerable being—the stranger gazed on him—and both made a halt like men preparing for a mortal fray. Ezra, who felt his horse shuddering beneath him, began to suspect that his companion pertained to a more dubious state of existence than his own, and his grim look and sable exterior induced him to rank him at once among those infamous and evil spirits which are sometimes permitted to trouble the earth, and to be a torment to the worthy and the devout.

He muttered a brief and pithy prayer, and then said, "Evil shape, who art thou, and wherefore comest thou unto me? If

thou comest for good, speak—if for my confusion and my harm, even do thine errand; I shall not fly from thee." "I come more for mine own good than for thy harm," responded the figure. "Far have I ridden, and much have I endured, that I might visit thee and this land again." "Do you suffer in the flesh, or are you tortured in the spirit?" said the pastor, desirous to know something certain of his unwelcome companion. "In both," replied the form: "I have dwelt in the vale of fire, in the den of punishment, hollow, and vast, and dreadful—I have ridden through the region of snow and the land of hail—I have swam through the liquid wilderness of burning lava—passed an illimitable sea, and all for the love of one hour on this fair green earth, with its fresh airs and its new sprung corn."

Ezra looked on the figure with a steady and a penetrating eye—the stranger endured the scrutiny. "I must know of a truth to whom and what I speak—I must

see you face to face—thou mayest be the grand artificer of deceit come to practise upon my immortal soul. Unmantle thee, I pray, that I may behold if thou art a poor and an afflicted spirit punished for a time, or that fierce and restless fiend who bears the visible stamp of eternal reprobation." "I may not withstand thy wish," uttered the form in a tone of melancholy, and dropping his mantle, and turning round on the pastor, said, "Hast thou forgotten me?" "How can I forget thee?" said Ezra, receding as he spoke; "the stern and the haughty look of Bonshaw has been humbled indeed. Unhappy one, thou art sorely changed since I beheld thee on earth with the helmet plume fanning thy hot and bloody brow as thy right hand smote down the blessed ones of the earth. The Almighty doom—the evil and the tormenting place—the vile companions—have each in their turn done the work of retribution upon thee—thou art indeed more stern and more terrible,

but thou art not changed beyond the knowledge of one whom thou hast hunted and hounded, and sought to slay utterly."

The shape or spirit of Bonshaw dilated with anger, and in a quicker and fiercer tone said, "Be charitable; flesh and blood, be charitable—doom not to hell-fire and grim companions one whose sins thou canst not weigh but in the balance of thine own prejudices. I tell thee, man of God, the uncharitableness of the sect to which thou pertainest has thronged the land of punishment as much as those who headed, and hanged, and stabbed, and shot, and tortured. I may be punished for a time, and not wholly reprobate." "Punished in part, or doomed in whole, thou needs must be," answered the pastor, who seemed now as much at his ease as if this singular colloquy had happened with a neighbouring divine. "A holy and a blessed spirit would have appeared in a brighter shape. I like not thy dubious words, thou half punished and half

pardoned spirit. Away, vanish! shall I speak the sacred words which make the fiends howl, or wilt thou depart in peace?" "In peace I come to thee," said the spirit, "and in peace let me be gone: hadst thou come sooner when I summoned thee, and not loitered away the precious death-bed moments, hearkening the wild and fanciful song of one whom I have deeply wronged, this journey might have been spared—a journey of pain to me, and peril to thyself." 'Peril to me!" said the pastor: "be it even as thou sayest. Shall I fly for one cast down, over whose prostrate form the purging fire has passed? Wicked was thy course on earth—many and full of evil were thy days—and now thou art loose again, thou fierce and persecuting spirit—a woe, and a woe to poor Scotland." "They are loose who were never bound," answered the spirit of Bonshaw, darkening in anger, and expanding in form, "and that I could soon show thee. But, behold, I am not permitted—there

is a watcher—a holy one come nigh prepared to resist and to smite—I shall do thee no harm, holy man—I vow by the pains of punishment and the conscience-pang—now the watcher has departed."

"Of whom speakest thou?" inquired Ezra: "have we ministering spirits who guard the good from the plots of the wicked ones?—have we evil spirits who tempt and torment men, and teach the maidens ensnaring songs, and lighten their feet and their heads for the wanton dance?" "Stay, I pray thee," said the spirit; "there are spirits of evil men and of good men made perfect who are permitted to visit the earth, and power is given them for a time to work their will with men. I behold one of the latter even now, a bold one and a noble; but he sees I mean not to harm thee, so we shall not war together."

At this assurance of protection, the pastor inclined his shuddering steed closer to his companion, and thus he proceeded:

"You have said that my sect—my meek and lowly, and broken, and long persecuted remnant—have helped to people the profound hell—am I to credit thy words?" "Credit them or no as thou wilt," said the spirit: "whoso spilleth blood by the sword, by the word, and by the pen, is there—the false witness—the misinterpreter of the gospel—the profane poet—the profane and presumptuous preacher—the slayer and the slain—the persecutor and the persecuted—he who died at the stake, and he who piled the faggot—all are there, enduring hard weird and penal fire for a time reckoned and days numbered. They are there whom thou wottest not of," said the confiding spirit, drawing near as he spoke, and whispering the names of some of the worthies of the kirk, and the noble, and the far-descended.

"I well believe thee," said the pastor, "but I beseech thee to be more particular in thy information; give me the

names which some of the chief ministers of woe in the nether world were known by in this—I shall hear of those who built cathedrals and strong holds, and filled thrones spiritual and temporal." "Ay, that thou wilt," said the spirit, "and the names of some of the mantled professors of God's humble Presbyterian kirk also; those who preached a burning fire and a devouring hell to their dissenting brethren, and who called out, with a loud voice, perdition to the sons and daughters of men; 'draw the sword; slay and smite utterly.'" "Thou art a false spirit assuredly," said the pastor; "yet tell me one thing. Thy steed and thou seem to be as one, to move as one, and I observed thee even now conversing with thy brute part; dost thou ride on a punished spirit, and is there injustice in hell as well as on earth?" The spirit laughed. "Knowest thou not this patient and obedient spirit on whom I ride—what wouldest thou say if I named a name renowned at the holy

altar?—the name of one who loosed the sword on the bodies of men, because they believed in an humble Saviour, and he believed in a lofty. I have bestrode that mitred personage before now—he is the hack to all the Presbyterians in the pit, but he cannot be spared on a journey so distant as this." "So thou wilt not tell me the name of thy steed?" said Ezra; "well, even as thou wilt." "Nay," said the spirit, "I shall not deny so good a man so small a matter. Knowest thou not George Johnstone, the captain of my troop, as bold a hand as ever bore a sword and used it among fanatics?—we lived together in life, and in death we are not divided." "In persecution and in punishment, thou mightest have said, thou scoffing spirit," said the pastor; "but tell me, do men lord it in perdition as they did on earth; is there no retributive justice among the condemned spirits?" "I have condescended on that already," said the spirit, "and I will tell thee fur-

ther: there is thy old acquaintance and mine, George Gordon, punished and condemned though he be, he is the scourge, and the whip, and the rod of fire to all those brave and valiant men who served those equitable and charitable princes, Charles Stuart, and James his brother." "I suspect why those honourable cavaliers are tasting the cup of punishment," said the pastor; "but what crime has sedate and holy George done, that his lot is cast with the wicked?" "Canst thou not guess it, holy Ezra?" said the spirit; "his crime was so contemptible and mean that I scorn to name it: hast thou any further questions?"

"You spoke of Charles Stuart, and James, his brother," said the pastor: "when sawest thou the princes for whom thou delugedst thy country with blood, and periledst thine own soul?"—"Ah! thou cunning querist," said the spirit with a laugh, "canst thou not ask a plain question? thou askest questions

plain and pointed enough of the back-sliding damsels of thy congregation—why shouldst thou put thy sanctified tricks on me, a plain and a straight-forward spirit, as ever uttered response to the godly? Nevertheless, I will tell thee, I saw them not an hour ago—Charles saddled me my steed; wot ye who held my stirrup?—even James his brother. I asked them if they had any message to the devout people of their ancient kingdom of Scotland. The former laughed, and bade me bring him the kirk repentance-stool for a throne. The latter looked grave, and muttered over his fingers like a priest counting his beads; and hell echoed far and wide with laughter at the two princes."—"Ay, ay!" said the pastor, "so I find you have mirth among you: have you dance and song also?"—"Ay, truly," answered the spirit, "we have hymns and hallelujahs from the lips of that holy and patriotic band who banished

their native princes, and sold their country to an alien; and the alien himself rules and reigns among them; and when they are weary with the work of praise, certain inferior and officious spirits moisten their lips with cupfulls of a curious and a cooling liquid, and then hymn and thanksgiving recommence again."—" Ah, thou dissembler," said the pastor; "and yet I see little cause why they should be redeemed, when so many lofty minds must wallow with the sinful for a season. But, tell me, it is long since I heard of Claud Hamilton; have you seen him among you? he was the friend and follower of the alien—a mocker of the mighty minds of his native land—a scoffer of that gifted and immortal spirit which pours the glory of Scotland to the uttermost ends of the earth—tell me of him, I pray." Loud laughed the spirit, and replied in scorn, " We take no note of things so mean and unworthy as he; he may be in some

hole in perdition, for aught I know or care: but, stay, I will answer thee truly; he has not passed to our kingdom yet; he is condemned to the punishment of a long and useless life on earth; and even now you will find him gnawing his flesh in agony to hear the name he has sought to cast down renowned over all the earth!"

The spirit now seemed impatient to be gone: they had emerged from the glen; and vale, and lea, brightened by the moon, and sown thick with evening dew, sparkled far and wide. "If thou wouldest question me farther," said the frank and communicative spirit of Bonshaw, "and learn more of the dead, meet me in the old burial-ground an hour before moon-rise on Sunday night: tarry at home if thou wilt; but, I have more to tell thee than thou knowest to ask about; and hair of thy head shall not be harmed." Even as he spoke, the shape of horse and rider underwent a sudden transforma-

tion—the spirit sank into the shape of a steed, the steed rose into the form of the rider, and wrapping his visionary mantle about him, and speaking to his unearthly horse, away he started, casting as he flew a sudden and fiery glance on the astonished pastor, who muttered as he concluded a brief prayer,—"there goes Captain George Johnstone, riding on his fierce old master."

The old burial-ground, the spirit's trysting place, was a fair, but a lonely spot. All around lay scenes renowned in tradition for blood, and broil, and secret violence. The parish was formerly a land of warriors' towers, and of houses for penance, and vigil, and mortification. But the reformation came, and sacked and crushed down the houses of devotion; while the peace between the two kingdoms curbed the courage, and extinguished for ever the military and predatory glory of those old Galwegian chieftains. It was in a burial-ground per-

taining to one of those ancient churches, and where the peasants still loved to have their dust laid, that Ezra trusted to meet again the shadowy representative of the fierce old laird of Bonshaw.

The moon, he computed, had a full hour to travel before her beams would be shed on the place of conference, and to that eerie and deserted spot Ezra was observed to walk like one consecrating an evening hour to solitary musing on the rivulet side. No house stood within half a mile; and when he reached the little knoll on which the chapel formerly stood, he sat down on the summit to ponder over the way to manage this singular conference. A firm spirit, and a pure heart, he hoped, would confound and keep at bay the enemy of man's salvation; and he summed up, in a short historical way, the names of those who had met and triumphed over the machinations of fiends. Thus strengthened and reassured, he rose, and looked around,

but he saw no approaching shape. The road along which he expected the steed and rider to come was empty, and he walked towards the broken gate, to cast himself in the way, and show with what confidence he abode his coming.

Over the wall of the church-yard, repaired with broken and carved stones from the tombs and altar of the chapel, he now looked, and it was with surprise that he saw a new made widow, kneeling over her husband's grave, and about to pour out her spirit in lamentation and sorrow. He knew her form and face, and the deepest sorrow came upon him. She was the daughter of an old and a faithful elder: she had married a seafaring youth, and borne him one fair child. Her husband was returning from a distant voyage—had entered the sea of Solway—his native hills—his own home, rose to his view, and he saw the light streaming from the little chamber window, where his wife and his sweet child sat awaiting

his return. But it was not written that they were to meet again in life. She heard the sweep of a whirlwind, and she heard a shriek, and going to her chamber door, she saw the ship sinking, and her husband struggling in the agitated water. It is needless to lengthen a sorrowful story: she now threw herself weeping over his grave, and poured out the following wail:

"He was the fairest among men, yet the sea swept him away: he was the kindest hearted, yet he was not to remain. What were all other men, compared to him—his long curling hair, and his sweet hazel eyes, and his kind and gladsome tongue? He loved me long; and he won me from many rivals; for who could see his face and not love him?—who could listen to his speech, and refuse him ought? When he danced, maids stood round, and thought his feet made richer music than the instruments. When he sang, the maids and matrons

blest him; and high-born dames loved the song of my frank and gentle sailor. But there is no mercy in the ocean for the sons of men; and there is nought but sorrow for their daughters. Men go grey-headed to the grave, who, had they trusted the unstable deeps, would have perished in their prime, and left fatherless babes, and sorrowing widows. Alas, alas! in lonely night on this eerie spot, on thy low and early grave, I pour forth my heart! Who now shall speak peace to my mind, and open the latch of my little lonely home with thy kind and anxious hand? Who now shall dandle my sweet babe on his knee, or love to go with me to kirk and to preaching—to talk over our old tales of love and courtship—of the secret tryste and the bridal joy?" And, concluding her melancholy chant, she looked sorrowfully and stedfastly at the grave, and recommenced anew her wailing and her tears.

The widow's grief endured so long that

the moon began to make her approach manifest by shooting up a long and a broad stream of thin, lucid, and trembling light over the eastern ridge of the Cumberland hills. She rose from her knees, shed back her moist and disordered locks, showing a face pale but lovely, while the watery light of two large dark eyes of liquid and roving blue, was cast mournfully on the way homewards, down which she now turned her steps to be gone. Of what passed in the pastor's mind at this moment, tradition, which sometimes mocks and at other times deifies the feelings of men, gives a very unsatisfactory account. He saw the hour of appointment with his shadowy messenger from the other world arrive and pass without his appearance; and he was perhaps persuaded, that the pure, and pious, and overflowing grief of the fair young widow had prevented the intrusion of a form so ungracious and unholy. As she advanced from the burial-ground, the pastor of her

parish stood mute and sorrowful before her. She passed him as one not wishing to be noticed, and glided along the path with a slow step and a downcast eye.

She had reached the side of a little lonely stream, which glided half seen, half hid, underneath its banks of broom and honeysuckle, sprinkled at that hour with wild daisies, and spotted with primroses—when the voice of Ezra reached her ears. She made a full stop, like one who hears something astounding, and turned round on the servant of the altar a face radiant with tears, to which her tale of woe, and the wild and lonely place, added an interest and a beauty: "Young woman," he began, "it is unseemly in thee to bewail thy loss at this lonely hour, and in this dreary spot: the youth was given to thee, and ye became vain. I remarked the pride of thy looks, and the gaudiness of thine apparel, even in the house of holiness: he is taken from thee, perhaps, to punish thy pride. There

is less meekness in thy sorrow than there was reason in thy joy; but be ye not discomforted." Here the weeping lady turned the sidelong glance of her swimming eyes on Ezra, shed back the locks which usurped a white brow and snowy temples, and folding her hands over a bosom, the throbbings of which made the cambric that concealed it undulate like water, stood still, and drank in his words of comfort and condolence.

Tradition always conducts Ezra and the mariner's widow to this seldom frequented place: a hundred and a hundred times have I mused over the scene in sunlight and moonlight; a hundred and a hundred times have I hearkened to the wild and variable accounts of the peasantry, and sought to make bank, and bush, and stream, and tree, assist in unravelling the mystery which must still hang over the singular and tragic catastrophe. Standing in this romantic place, a pious man, not overstricken in years,

conversing with a rosy young widow, a vain and a fair creature, a bank of blossomed flowers beside them, and the new risen moon scattering her slant and ineffectual beams on the thick budded branches above them—such is the picture which tradition ever and invariably draws, while imagination endeavours to take up the tender thread of the story, and imagination must have this licence still. Truth contents herself with the summary of a few and unsatisfactory particulars: the dawn of morning came, says Truth, and Ezra had not returned to his manse. Something evil hath happened, said Imagination, scattering as she spoke a thousand tales of a thousand hues, many of which still find credence among the pious people of Galloway.

Josiah, the old and faithful servant of Ezra, arrived in search of his master at the lonely burial-ground about the dawn of the morning. He had become alarmed at his long absence, and his alarm

was not abated by the unholy voices which at midnight sailed round the manse and kirk, singing, as he imagined, a wild and infernal hymn of joy and thanksgiving. He traced his steps down the footpath by the rivulet side till he came to the little primrose bank, and found it trodden upon and pressed as if two persons had been seated among the flowers. Here all further traces ceased, and Josiah stood pondering on the power of evil spirits, and the danger of holding tryste with Beelzebub or any of the lesser spirits of darkness.

He was soon joined by an old shepherd, who told a tale which pious men refuse to believe, though they always listen to it. The bright moonlight had made him imagine it was morning, and he arose and walked forth to look at his lambs on the distant hill—the moon had been up for nearly an hour. His way lay near the little lonely primrose bank, and as he walked along he heard the whispering

of tongues: he deemed it some idle piece of love-making, and he approached to see who they might be. He saw what ought not to be seen, even the reverend Ezra seated on the bank and conversing with a buxom young dame and a strange one. They were talking wondrous kindly. He observed them for a little space; the young dame was in widow's weeds; the mariner's widow wore the only weeds, praise be blest, in the parish, but she was a raven to a swan compared to the quean who conversed with the minister. She was indeed passing fair, and the longer he looked on her she became the lovelier, owre lovely for mere flesh and blood. His dog shrunk back and whimpered, and an owl that chased a bird in the grove, uttered a scream of terror as it beheld her, and forsook its prey. At length she turned the light of her eyes on himself; Will wi' the wisp was but a proverb to them: they had a glance he should never get the better of, and he hardly

thought his legs carried him home, he flew with such supernatural speed.

"But, indeed," added the cautious peasant, "I have some doubts that the whole was a fiction of the auld enemy, to make me think ill of the douce man and the godly; and if he be spared to come home, so shall I tell him. But if Ezra, pious man, is heard of nae mair, I shall be free to believe that what I heard I heard, and what I saw I saw. And Josiah, man, I may as weel give ye the benefit of my own opinion. I'll amaist aver on my Bible, that the minister, a daring man and a courageous—owre courageous, I doubt—has been dared out to the lonely place by some he, or, may be, she-fiend—the latter maist likely; and there he has been overcome by might or temptation, and now Satan may come atween the stilts of the gospel plough, for the right hand of Ezra will hold it no longer; or I should nae wonder," said the peasant, "but that the old dour persecutor Bonshaw has carried him away on his fiend steed Geordie John-

stone—conscience, nought more likely—and I'll warrant even now they are ducking him in the dub of perdition, or picking his banes ahint the hallan o' hell."

The whole of this rustic prediction was not fulfilled. In a little deep wild dell, at the distance of a gun shot, they found Ezra Peden lying on the ground, uttering words which will be pardoned, since they were the words of a delirious tongue. He was carried home amid the sympathy and sorrow of his parishioners: he answered no question nor seemed to observe a single face, though the face of many a friend stood round him. He only raved out words of tenderness and affection, addressed to some imaginary person at his side; and concluded by starting up, and raising such an outcry of horror and amazement, as if the object of his regard had become a demon: seven strong men could hardly hold him. He died on the third day, after making a brief disclosure, which may be readily divined from this hasty and imperfect narrative.

THE

SELBYS OF CUMBERLAND.

PART FIRST.

Thus would she sit a summer eve, and shed
The wither'd tresses from her faded brow;
Stretch forth her long and feeble arm, which nursed
Three generations—moving thus her knee,
And smiling as a mother smiles who dandles
Her first-born darling mid the sunny air.
And then she chanted an old chivalrous ballad,
And mutter'd snatches of our old sad stories—
Such tales as stay the peasant at his plow—
The shepherd's sharp shears, as they reap the fleece—
The household damsel while she twines the thread—
And make the maid, even as the ewe-milk reeks
Between her whiter fingers, pause and sigh
To think of old how gentle love was crost
In green and gladsome Cumberland.

Among the pastoral mountains of Cumberland dwells an unmingled and patriarchal race of people, who live in a primitive manner, and retain many peculiar

usages different from their neighbours of the valley and the town. They are imagined by antiquarians to be descended from a colony of Saxon herdsmen and warriors, who, establishing themselves among the mountainous wastes, quitted conquest and spoliation for the peaceful vocation of tending their flocks, and managing the barter of their rustic wealth for the luxuries fabricated by their more ingenious neighbours. In the cultivation of corn they are unskilful or uninstructed; but in all that regards sheep and cattle, they display a knowledge and a tact which is the envy of all who live by the fleece and shears. Their patriarchal wealth enables them to be hospitable, and dispense an unstinted boon among all such people as chance, curiosity, or barter, scatter over their inheritance.

It happened on a fine summer afternoon, that I found myself engaged in the pursuit of an old fox, which annually preyed on our lambs, and eluded the vigilance of

the most skilful huntsmen. Leaving Keswick far behind, I pursued my cunning adversary from glen to cavern, till, at last, he fairly struck across an extensive tract of upland, and sought refuge from the hotness of pursuit in one of the distant mountains. I had not proceeded far on this wide and desolate tract, ere I became fatigued and thirsty, and—what true sportsmen reckon a much more serious misfortune—found myself left alone and far behind—while the shout and the cheer of my late companions began to grow faint and fainter, and I at last heard only the bleat of the flocks or the calling of the curlew. The upland on which I had entered appeared boundless on all sides, while amid the brown wilderness arose innumerable green grassy knolls, with herds of small black cattle and sheep grazing or reposing on their sides and summits. They seemed so many green islands floating amid the ocean of brown blossom, with which the heath was covered.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

I stood on one of the knolls, and, looking around, observed a considerable stream gushing from a small copse of hazel and lady-fern, which, seeking its way into a green and narrow glen, pursued its course with a thousand freakish windings and turnings. While following with my eye the course of the pure stream, out of which I had slaked my thirst, I thought I heard something like the sound of a human voice coming up the glen; and, with the hope of finding some of my baffled companions of the chase, I proceeded along the margin of the brook. At first, a solitary and stunted alder, or hazel bush, or mountain ash, in which the hooded crow had sought shelter for her young, was all the protection the stream obtained from the rigour of the mid-day sun. The glen became broader and the stream deeper,—gliding over a bed of pebbles, shining, large, and round, —half-seen, half-hid, beneath the projection of the grassy sward it had under-

mined; and raising all the while that soft and simmering din, which contributes so much music to pastoral verse. A narrow footpath, seldom frequented, winded with the loops and turns of the brook. I had wandered along the margin nearly a quarter of a mile, when I approached a large and doddered tree of green holly, on the top of which sat a raven, grey-backed and bald-headed from extreme age, looking down intently on something which it thought worthy of watching beneath.

I reached the tree unheard or unheeded,—for the soft soil returned no sound to my foot; and on the sunward side I found a woman seated on the grass. She seemed bordering on seventy years of age—with an unbent and unbroken frame—a look of lady-like stateliness—and an eye of that sweet and shining hazel colour, of which neither age nor sorrow had been able to dim the glance. Her mantle,—once green, and garnished with

flowers of gold thread at the extremities, lay folded at her feet, together with a broad flat straw hat—an article of dress common seventy or eighty years ago, and a long staff worn smooth as horn by daily employment. Her hair, nut-brown and remarkably long in her youth, was now become as white as December's snow, and its profusion had also yielded like its colour to time,—for it hung, or rather flowed, over her shoulders in solitary ringlets, and scarcely afforded a minute's employment to her fingers—which seemed to have been once well acquainted with arranging in all its beauty one of nature's finest ornaments. As she disposed of each tress, she accompanied the motion of her hands with the verse of a legendary ballad, which she chanted, unconscious of my presence, and which probably related to an adventure of her ancestors.

LADY SELBY.

1.

On the holly tree sat a raven black,
And at its foot a lady fair
Sat singing of sorrow, and shedding down
The tresses of her nut-brown hair:
And aye as that fair dame's voice awoke,
The raven broke in with a chorusing croak.

2.

"The steeds they are saddled on Derwent-banks;
The banners are streaming so broad and free;
The sharp sword sits at each Selby's side,
And all to be dyed for the love of me:
And I maun give this lily-white hand
To him who wields the wightest brand.

3.

"She coost her mantle of satin so fine,
She kilted her gown of the deep-sea green,
She wound her locks round her brow, and flew
Where the swords were glimmering sharp and sheen:
As she flew, the trumpet awoke with a clang,
And the sharp blades smote, and the bow-strings sang.

4.

"The streamlet that ran down the lonely vale,
Aneath its banks, half seen, half hid,
Seem'd melted silver—at once it came down
From the shocking of horseman—reeking and red;

And that lady flew—and she utter'd a cry,
As the riderless steeds came rushing by.

5.

" And many have fallen—and more have fled :—
All in a nook of bloody ground
That lady sat by a bleeding knight,
And strove with her fingers to staunch the wound :
Her locks, like sun-beams when summer's in pride,
She pluck'd and plac'd on his wounded side.

6.

" And aye the sorer that lady sigh'd,
The more her golden locks she drew—
The more she pray'd—the ruddy life's-blood
The faster and faster came trickling through :—
On a sadder sight ne'er look'd the moon
That o'er the green mountain came gleaming down.

7.

" He lay with his sword in the pale moonlight ;
All mute and pale she lay at his side—
He, sheath'd in mail from brow to heel—
She, in her maiden bloom and pride :
And their beds were made, and the lovers were laid,
All under the gentle holly's shade.

8.

" May that Selby's right hand wither and rot,
That fails with flowers their bed to strew !
May a foreign grave be his who doth rend
Away the shade of the holly bough !—

But let them sleep by the gentle river,
And waken in love that shall last for ever."

As the old dame ceased her song, she opened her lap, from which she showered a profusion of flowers—such as are gathered rather in the wood or the wild than the garden,—on two green ridges which lay side by side beneath the shade of the green holly. At each handful she strewed, she muttered, in an under-tone, what sounded like the remains of an ancient form of prayer; when turning toward the path she observed me, and said, —" Youth, comest thou here to smile at beholding a frail woman strew the dust of the beautiful and the brave with mountain-thyme, wild mint, and scented hawthorn?" I soothed her by a tone of submission and reverence. " Eleanor Selby, may the curse of the ballad, which thou sangest even now, be mine, if I come to scorn those who honour the fair and the brave. Had I known that the ancient lovers, about whom we so often sing, slept by

this lonely stream, I would have sought Cumberland for the fairest and rarest flowers to shower on their grassy beds." "I well believe thee, youth," said the old dame, mollified at once by my respect for the surname of Selby,—"how could I forget the altar of Lanercost and thee? There are few at thy wilful and froward time of life, who would not mock the poor wandering woman, and turn her wayward affections into ridicule; but I see thy respect for her sitting shining in those sweet and moist eyes of hazel."

While she indulged in this language, she replaced her long white locks under her bonnet, resumed her mantle and her staff, and, having adjusted all to her liking, and taken a look at the two graves, and at the raven, who still maintained his seat on the summit of the bush, she addressed me again. "But, come, youth, come—the sun is fast walking down the side of the western mountains: Fremmet-ha is a good mile distant; and we shall be wise to

seek the friendship of its porch, with an unset sun above our heads." She took my hand, and exerting an energy I little expected, we descended the glen together, keeping company with the brook, which received and acknowledged, by an augmented murmur, the accession of several lesser streams. At length we came where the glen, suddenly expanding into a beautiful vale, and the brook into a small, deep and clear lake, disclosed to my sight the whole domestic establishment of one of the patriarchal portioners of the mountainous regions of Cumberland.

On the northern side of the valley, and fronting the mid-day sun, stood a large old-fashioned house, constructed of rough and undressed stones, such as are found in abundance on the northern uplands, and roofed with a heavy coating of heath, near an ell in thickness,—the whole secured with bands of wood and ropes of flax, in a manner that resembled

the checks of a highland plaid. Something which imitated a shepherd's crook and a sheathed sword was carved on a piece of hewn stone in the front, and underneath was cut in rude square raised letters "RANDAL RODE, 1545." The remains of old defences were still visible to a person of an antiquarian turn; but sheep-folds, cattle-folds, and swine-pens usurped the trench and the rampart, and filled the whole southern side of the valley. In the middle of the lake shattered walls of squared stone were visible, and deep in the clear water a broken and narrow causeway might be traced, which once secured to the proprietor of the mansion a safe retreat against any hasty incursion from the restless borderers, who, in former times, were alternately the plunderers or defenders of their country. The descendants of Randal Rode seemed to be sensible that their lot was cast in securer times, and instead of practising with the bow, or that still more

fatal weapon the gun, or with the sword, or with the spear, they were collected on a small green plat of ground on the margin of the lake, to the number of twelve or fourteen, indulging in the rustic exercises of wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and casting the stone. Several old white-headed men were seated at a small distance on the ground, maidens continually passed backwards and forwards, with pails of milk, or with new-moulded cheese, casting a casual glance at the pastime of the young men—the valley all the while re-murmuring with the din of the various contests.

As we approached, a young man who had thrown the stone—a pebble massy and round—beyond all the marks of his companions, perceived us coming, and came running to welcome the old woman with all the unrestrained joyousness of eighteen. "Welcome, Dame Eleanor Selby, welcome to Fremmet-ha! For thy repose I have ordered a soft warm couch,

and from no fairer hands than those of my own sister Maude Rode—and for thy gratification, as well as mine own, have I sought far and wide for a famous ballad of the Selbys; but we are fallen on evil days—the memory of our oldest men only yielded me fragments: these I have pieced together, and shall gladly sing it with all the grace I may."—"Fair fall thee, youth," said the old woman, pleased at the revival of a traditional rhyme recording the fame of her house; "thy companions are all clods of the valley, no better than the stones they cast, the bars they heave, and the dull earth they leap upon, compared to thee.—But the Selbys' blood within thee overcomes that of the Rodes."—The young man came close to her ear, and in an interceding whisper said: "It is true, Dame Eleanor Selby, that my father is but a tender of flocks, and nowise comparable to the renowned house of Selby, with whom he had the fortune to intermarry—but, by the height

of Skiddaw, and the depth of Solway, he is as proud of his churl's blood as the loftiest of the land; and the welcome of that person would be cold, and his repulse certain, who should tell him the unwelcome tale that he wedded above his degree." "Youth, youth," said the old woman, with hasty and marked impatience, "I shall for thy sake refrain from comparing the churlish name of Rode with the gentle name of Selby;—but I would rather sit a winter night on Skiddaw, than have the best who bear the name of Rode to imagine that the hem of a Selby's robe had not more of gentleness than seven acres of Rodes's. But thou hast promised me a song: even let me hearken to it now in the free open air—sitting by an ancient summer seat of the Selbys—it will put me in a mood to enter thy mother's abode." She seated herself on the margin of the lake, while the young man, surrounded by his companions, sung in a rough free voice the

legendary ballad of which I had the good fortune to obtain a copy.

SIR ROLAND GRAEME.

1.

The trumpet has rung on Helvellyn side,
The bugle in Derwent vale;
And an hundred steeds came hurrying fleet,
With an hundred men in mail:
And the gathering cry, and the warning word
Was, "Fill the quiver and sharpen the sword."

2.

And away they bound—the mountain deer
Starts at their helmets' flash:—
And away they go—the brooks call out
With a hoarse and a murmuring dash;
The foam flung from their steeds as they go
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

3.

What foe do they chase, for I see no foe;
And yet all spurr'd and gored:
Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
For the fleet hound or the sword?
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

4.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,
Sir Walter on his black;

There are a hundred steeds, and each
  Has a Selby on its back:
And the meanest man there draws a brand
Has silver spurs and a Baron's land.

5.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo! look
  How it dashes from bank to bank!
To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,
  Or the vale with brackens rank.
They brave the water, and breast the banks,
And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

6.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
  With its woodlands wild and green;
"Our steeds are white with foam; shall we wash
  Their flanks in the river sheen?"
But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task,
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

7.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
  And utter a long shrill shout;
And bury their spurs in their coursers' flanks,
  And pluck their bright blades out:
The spurn'd-up turf is scatter'd behind,
For they go as the hawk when he sails with the wind.

8.

Before them not far on the lilied lea
  There is a fair youth flying;

And at his side rides a lovely maid
Oft looking back and sighing :—
On his basnet dances the heron's plume,
And fans the maid's cheek all of ripe rose bloom.

9.

" Now do thy best, my bonnie grey steed,
And carry my true love over,
And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,
And heap'd and running over—
O bear her safe through dark Eske's fords,
And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords!"

10.

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood,
Had it foam'd a full mile wider ;
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
I 'm proud of my lovely rider:
And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
All scaithless I 'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea.

11.

A rushing was heard on the river banks,
Wide rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant an hundred horsemen at speed
Came foaming and fearless in.
" Turn back, turn back, thou Scottish loon—
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon!"

12.

An hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing;
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade bared,
While the signal trump kept singing:
Sir Roland Graeme down his mantle threw
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

13.

With a measuring eye and a measured pace
Nigher they came and nigher;
Then made a bound and made a blow,
And the smote helms yielded fire:
December's hail, or the thunder blast,
Ne'er flash'd so bright, or fell so fast.

14.

"Now yield thee, Graeme, and give me back
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter;
Else I shall sever thy head and heave't
To thy light love o'er the water."—
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine."

15.

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again
They closed—on sweet Eske side,
The ring-doves sprung from their roosts, for the blows
Were echoing far and wide:
Sir Richard was stark, and Sir Roland was strong;
And the combat was fierce, but it lasted not long.

16.

There 's blood upon young Roland's blade,
  There 's blood on Sir Richard's brand;
There 's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of steel,
  And rain'd on the grassy land;
But blood to a warrior's like dew to the flow'r;
The combat but wax'd still more deadly and dour.

17.

A dash was heard in the moonlight Eske,
  And up its banks of green;
Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek,
  And knelt the knights between:
"Oh spare him, Sir Richard!" she held her white hands,
All spotted with blood 'neath the merciless brands.

18.

Young Roland look'd down on his true love and smiled,
  Sir Richard look'd also, and said—
"Curse on them that true love would sunder!" he sheath'd
  With his broad palm his berry-brown blade;
And long may the Selbys abroad and at hame,
Find a friend and a foe like the good gallant Graeme!

While the ballad proceeded, the old representative of the house of Selby sat with a look of demure dignity and im-

portance, and regarded this minstrel remembrance of the forcible engrafting of the predatory name of Graeme on the stately tree of the Selbys with a look of the darkest displeasure. When the youth finished, she arose hastily, and, elevating herself to her utmost stature, said, "May that ignorant minstrel be mute for ever—or confine his strains to the beasts of the field, and the churls who tend them—who has presumed to fashion the ballad of Roland Graeme's wooing of Edith Howard of Naworth into a rhyme, reproaching with this ungentle marriage the spotless house of Selby! A gentle Selby wed a border Graeme! may the heavens forfend! Who will lay a dog in a deer's den?" "No," said she, muttering in continuance, as she walked into the house of her ancestors, "we have had sad mishaps among us—but nothing like that. One branch of the stately Selby-tree carried the kite's nest of a Forster, another the rook's nest of a Rode—but neither scion nor bough

have sheltered the hooded-crow brood of the men of the debateable land. Men neither of predatory Scotland nor haughty England, but begotten in the haste of a mutual inroad—and the herald's office cannot divine by whom.' The mutterings of the wayward woman fell unregarded in the ear of fair Maude Rode, one of the sweetest maidens that ever pressed curd or milked ewes among the pastoral mountains of Cumberland. She welcomed old Eleanor with one of those silent glances which says so much, and spread her a seat, and ministered to her with the demeanour of the humblest handmaid of the house of Selby, when its splendour was fullest. This modest kindness soon had its effect on the mutable descendant of this ancient house; she regained her serenity; and her wild legends, and traditional tales were related to no ungrateful ears.

THE

SELBYS OF CUMBERLAND.

PART SECOND.

And when she came to yon kirk-yard,
  Where graves are green and low,
She saw full thirty coal-black steeds
  All standing in a row.

And out she stretch'd her trembling hand,
  Their mighty sides to stroke;
And aye she reach'd, and aye she stretch'd—
  'Twas nothing all but smoke.

They were but mere delusive forms
  Of films, and sulph'ry wind;
And every wave she gave her hand
  A gap was left behind.

JAMES HOGG.

"A BRIGHT fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company," is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland re-

sidence of Randal Rode exhibited the first and second portions of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth we had materials for completing the proverb. In each face was reflected that singular mixture of gravity and humour, peculiar, I apprehend, to the people of the north. Before a large fire, which it is reckoned ominous ever to extinguish, lay half a dozen sheep-dogs, spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner. The lord or rather portioner of Fremmet-ha himself lay apart on a large couch of oak antiquely carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. This settee was bedded deep with sheepskins, each retaining a fleece of long white wool. At each end lay a shepherd's dog, past its prime, like its master, and, like him, enjoying a kind of

half-ruminating and drowsy leisure peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs, and mauds, and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese, and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. This piece of rude furniture ought not to escape particular description. It resembled an Etruscan candelabra, and was composed of a shaft, capable of being depressed or elevated by means of a notched groove, and sunk secure in a block of wood at the floor, terminated above in a shallow cruse or plate, like a three-cocked hat, in each corner of which stood a large candle, rendering the spacious hall where we sat as light as day. On this scene of patriarchal happiness looked my old companion Eleanor Selby, contrasting,

as she glanced her eye in succession over the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past; the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils and blood, and mutual inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she brooded; and the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison, as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maude Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient and wayward relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the demon of proud ancestry, who maintained rule in her breast; and after interchanging softer and softer looks of acknowledgment and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adven-

tures she had witnessed in the time of her youth. These she poured out in a very singular manner, unconscious, apparently, at times, of the presence of others, and often addressing herself to the individuals whom her narrative recalled to life, as if they stood life-like and breathing before her.

"When I was young, like thee, Maude Rode, a marvel happened, which amazed many:—it is, and will be, a lasting tale, and a wonder; for it came even as a vision, and I beheld it with these eyes. In those days, the crown of this land, which now stands so sure and so shining on the brows of him who rules us, was held as one of ambition's baubles, that might be transferred by the sword to some adventurous head; and men of birth and descent were ready with trumpet and with brand, to do battle for the exiled branch of the house of Stuart. Rumours of rebellions and invasions were as frequent as the winds on our heaths; and

each day brought a darker and more varied tale of risings in the east, and risings in the west; for the king abroad, and for the king at home; and each relater gave a colour and a substance to his tidings, even as his wishes were. The shepherd went armed to the pasturage of his flocks —the lover went armed to the meeting with his mistress—those who loved silver and gold, sought the solitary and silent place, and buried their treasure; the father and mother gazed at their sons and their daughters, and thought on the wrongs of war; and the children, armed with hazel rods for spears and swords of lath, carried on a mimic and venturous war with one another, under the hostile banners of the lion and the bonnie white rose. Those who still loved the ancient church were dreaded by those who loved the new; and the sectarians hated both, and hoped for the day when the jewelled mitre would be plucked off the prelate's head; and when austerity, that denies

itself, yet giveth not to others, and zeal, which openeth the gates of mercy but for a tithe of mankind—should hold rule and dominion in the land. Those who had broad lands and rich heritages, wished for peace; those who had little to lose, hoped acquisitions by a convulsion; and there were many of the fiery and intractable spirits of the land who wished for strife and commotion, for the sake of variety of pursuit, and because they wished to see coronets and crowns staked on the issue of a battle. Thus, hot discussion and sore dispute divided the people of this land.

"It happened on a fine summer evening, that I stopped at the dwelling of David Forester, of Wilton hall, along with young Walter Selby of Glamora, to refresh myself after the chase on the banks of Derwentwater. The mountain air was mild and balmy, and the lofty and rugged outline of Soutrafell appeared on a canopied back ground of sky so pure, so blue, and so still,

that the earth and heaven seemed blended together. Eagles were visible, perched among the star-light, on the peaks of the rocks; ravens roosted at a vast distance below; and where the greensward joined the acclivity of rock and stone, the flocks lay in undisturbed repose, with their fleeces shining in dew, and reflected in a broad deep lake at the bottom, so pure and so motionless, that it seemed a sea of glass. The living, or rather human portion of the picture, partook of the same silent and austere character, for inanimate nature often lends a softness or a sternness to man; the meditative melancholy of the mountain, and the companionable garrulity of the vale, have not escaped proverbial observation. I had alighted from my horse, and, seated on a little green hillock before the house, which the imagination of our mountaineers had not failed to people at times with fairies and elves—tasted some of the shepherds' curds and cream, the readiest and the

sweetest beverage which rustic hospitality supplies. Walter Selby had seated himself at my feet, and behind me stood the proprietor of Wilton-hall and his wife, awaiting my wishes with that ready and respectful frankness, which those of birth and ancestry always obtain among our mountain peasantry. A number of domestics, shepherds and maidens, stood at a distance, as much for the purpose of listening to our conversation, as from the desire to encumber us with their assistance in recommencing our journey.

"'Young lady,' said David Forester, 'have you heard tidings of note from the north or from the south? The Selbys are an ancient and renowned race, and in days of old held rule from sunny Carlisle to the vale of Keswick—a day's flight for a hawk. They are now lordless and landless; but the day may soon come, when to thee I shall go hat in hand to beg a boon, and find thee lady of thy lands again, and the noble house

of Lanercost risen anew from its briers and desolation.' I understood better than I wished to appear, this mysterious address of my entertainer, and was saved from the confusion of a reply, either direct or oblique, by the forward tongue of his wife. 'Marry, and God forbid,' said she, 'that ever old lady Popery should hold rule in men's homes again! not that I wholly hate the old dame either; she has really some good points in her character; and if she would put fat flesh in her pot o' Fridays, and no demand o' one a frank confession of failings and frailties, she might hold rule i' the land again for aught I care; though I cannot say I think well of the doctrine that denies nourishment to the body, in the belief of bettering the soul. That's a sad mistake in the nature of us moorland people; if a shepherd lacks a meal a minute beyond the sounding of the horn, all the house hears on't: it's a religion, my lady, that will never take root again

in this wild place, where men scorn the wheat and haver food, and make for lack o'kitchen—the fat mutton eat the lean.'

"The good woman of the house was interrupted in her curious speech by the arrival of one of those personages, who, with a horse and pack, distribute the luxuries and the comforts of the city over the mountainous regions of the provinces. His horse, loaded with heavy panniers, came foremost, anxious for a resting-place; and behind came the owner, a middle-aged man, tall and robust, with hair as black as the raven, curled close beneath a very broad bonnet, and in his hand one of those measuring rods of root grown oak, piked with iron at the under end, and mounted with brass at the upper, which seemed alike adapted for defending or measuring his property. He advanced to the spot where we were seated, like an old acquaintance, asked for, and obtained lodgings for the evening, and having disposed of his horse, he

took out a small box, resembling a casket, which he placed on the grass, and seating himself beside it, assumed one of those looks of mingled gravity and good humour, prepared alike for seriousness or mirth.

" He was not permitted to remain long in silence. 'Ye come from the north, Simon Packpin,' said one of the menials; 'one can know that by yere tongue—and as ye are a cannie lad at a hard bargain, ye can tell us in yere own sly and cannie way, if it be true, that the Highland gentlemen are coming to try if they can set with targe and claymore the crown of both lands on the brow it was made for.' I looked at the person of the querist, a young man of the middle size, with a firm limb, and a frank martial mien, and something in his bearing which bespoke a higher ambition than that of tending flocks; his face too I thought I had seen before, and under very different circumstances. 'Good sooth, Wat-

tie Graeme,' said another of the menials, 'ye might as well try to get back butter out o' the black dog's throat, as extract a plain answer from Sleekie Simon; I asked him no farther than a month ago, if he thought we would have a change in the land soon,—'The moon,' quoth he, 'will change in its season, and so maun all things human.' 'But, do you think,' said I, 'that the people will continue to prefer the cold blood of the man who keeps the chair, to the warm kindly English blood o' him that's far away?'—'Ay, ay,' quoth he, 'nae doubt, nae doubt, when we wou'd drink ditch-water rather than red wine.'—'But,' said I, 'would it not be better for the land, that we had the throne made steadfast under our own native king than have it shaken by every blast that blows, as I hear it will soon be?'—'Say ye sae?' said he, 'sae ye sae? better have a finger off, than aye wagging:'—and so he continued for an hour to reply to every plain

question with such dubious responses of northern proverb, that I left him as wise as I found him.'

"This historical sketch of the pedlar obtained the notice of the farmer's wife, who, with the natural impatience of womankind, thus abruptly questioned him: 'We honest moorland people hate all mystery: if you are a man loyal in your heart, and upright in your dealings, you may remain and share our supper; but, if ye be a spy from these northern marauders, who are coming with houghs as bare as their swords to make a raid and a foray upon us—arise, I say, and depart! But stay, tell us truly, when this hawk of the old uncannie nest of the Stuarts will come to wreck and herrie us?' To all this Simon the pedlar opposed a look of the most impenetrable serenity, and turning over his little oaken box, undid a broad strap and buckle, applied a key to the lock, took out combs, and knives, and spectacles, and some of

his cheap ornaments for the bosom and the hair, and all the while he continued chanting over the following curious song, addressed obliquely to the good dame's queries, and perfectly intelligible to all who knew the poetic language, and allegorical meaning, which the adherents of the house of Stuart employed to convey tidings of importance to each other.

THE CUCKOO IS A GENTLE BIRD.

1.

The Cuckoo is a gentle bird,
And gentle is his note,
And April it is pleasant,
While the sun is waxing hot;
For amid the green woods growing,
And the fresh flowers' blooming throng,
Forth comes the gentle Cuckoo
With his meek and modest song.

2.

The eagle slays the little lambs
On Skiddaw high and hoar;
The hawk he covets carnage, and
The gray glede griens for gore:

The raven croaks aloud for blood,
Through spring and summer long;
While the bonnie Cuckoo gladdens us
With many a merry song.

3.

The woodcock comes, and with the swan
Brings winter on his wing;
The groves cast off their garments green,
The small birds cease to sing:
The wild birds cease their singing, till
The lilies scent the earth;
But the Cuckoo scatters roses round
Whenever he goes forth.

4.

The Cuckoo is a princely bird,
And we will wait awhile,
And welcome him with shout and song,
In the morn of green April;
We 'll lay our thighs o'er our good steeds,
And gird our claymores on,
And chase away the hooded crows
That croak around the throne.

"I could not help glancing my eye on this curious and demure traveller; but the perfect simplicity of his looks baffled

all the scrutiny which the mysterious import of his song induced me to make. Walter Graeme, one of the shepherds, sat down at his side, desirous of purchasing some of his commodities, but the frank mountaineer was repulsed in an attempt to dip his hands among the motley contents of the pack—and had it come to the arbitration of personal strength, there could be little doubt of the issue—for the merchant had a willing hand and a frame of iron.

"Silence ensued for a little while—the pedlar, who for some time had stolen a look at me, seemed all at once to come to some conclusion how to proceed, and fastening up his little box, approached me with a look of submission and awe. 'Fair lady, the pedlar is but a poor man, who earns an honest penny among the peasantry—but he has a reverence and a love for the noble names which grace our verse and our chivalry—and who has an English heart that knows not and beats

not high at the sound of Selby's name—and who bears a Scottish heart that sorrows not for the wreck and the desolation of our most ancient and most noble foe. I tell thee, lady, that I honour thee more—lady, as thou seemest to be, but of a kirtle and a steed,—than if thou satest with a footstool of gold—and hadst nobles' daughters bearing up thy train. This cross and rosary,'—and he held in his hand these devotional symbols, carved of dark wood, and slightly ornamented with gold,—" are of no common wood—a princess has sat under the shadow of its bough, and seen her kingdom won and lost—and may the fair one, who will now wear it, warm it in her bosom, till she sees a kingdom long lost—won as boldly, and as bravely, as ever the swords of the Selbys won their land!" And throwing the rosary around my neck as he concluded—away he went—opened his pack anew, resuming again his demure look and the arrangement of his trinkets.

" Walter Selby, who all this while—though then a hot and forward youth—had remained mute, addressed me in a whisper. ' Fair Eleanor—mine own giddy cousin—this pedlar—this dispenser of rosaries, made of Queen Mary's yew-tree—he, whom the churls call Simon Packpin, is no seeker of profit from vulgar merchandise—I 'll wager a kiss of thine own ruddy lips against one of mine, that he carries swords made of good Ripon steel, and pistols of good Swedish iron, in yon horse-pack of his—wilt thou pledge a kiss on this wager, my gentle cousin? And instead of a brain stored with plans for passing an English yard for a Scottish ell, and making pieces of homespun plaiding seem costly works from the looms of Arras or even of Leeds, it is furnished with more perilous stuff, pretty Eleanor—and no man can tell us better how many of the Scottish cavaliers have their feet ready for the stirrup, and on what day they will call on the Selbys to mount

and strike for their ancient lord and their lost inheritance.' Something of this matter had been passing in my own mind, but the temper of the Selbys ever required more to be repressed than encouraged—and so I endeavoured to manage thee, poor Walter Selby!" She sighed while she named the name of him who had guided and gladdened her youth, and in a tone low and almost inaudible, she addressed herself to the image which her affections had thus charmed into life,—"I saw thee, thou last and thou bravest of all the Selbys, with thy banner spread, thy sword bright, and thy long golden locks waving on thy shoulders, when the barriers of Preston were lost and won, and the gallant laird of Ashiesteel fought like a brother by thy side—O, that this last bright picture were all I remembered of thee! But can the heart of woman, though her head be gray, forget that she saw those long locks which made the dames sigh, waving, soiled and bloody,

on the gates of Carlisle. There is much done in this world must be answered for in the next, and this cruel and remorseless deed is one." She looked while she spoke as if her wild and agitated fancy had given motion to the picture which she drew of her lover—her face changed, and her eyes, from beneath their moist and depressed lids, became fixed and frozen, like stars in a winter night. This passed away with a smothered groan and a moving of her hand over her bosom: she again resumed her narrative. "'Truly,' said I, 'my froward cousin, thou art the best soldier our poor prince could peril his cause with—thou canst make a pedlar churl into a deep plodding politician, capable of overturning a throne; and his pack, filled with shreds of lace and remnants of ribbon, into a magazine of weapons fit for furnishing an army. What will thy most wise head make of these dubious sibyl verses, which this mysterious politician of thine has been doling out for

thy especial instruction?' 'By the rood, my witty Eleanor,' said Walter Selby, 'I shall win a battle, and wed thee in revenge for this. But thinkest thou not, that the box which has endowed that round white neck of thine with a cross and rosary of gold and wood still more precious, may not contain things equally curious and strange? Some golden information this pedlar—since pedlar thou wilt have him—carries in his looks—I wish I could find the way to extract it.' The stranger, as if guessing by our looks and our whispers what was passing between us, proceeded to instruct us in his own singular way—he described the excellent temper of his Sheffield whittles—praised the curious qualities of his spectacles, which might enable the wearer to see distant events—and after soothing over some lines of a psalm or hymn, common to the presbyterians, he proceeded to chant the following ballad, of which I regret the loss of several verses.

THE PEDLAR'S BALLAD.

1.

It is pleasant to sit on green Saddleback top,
And hearken the eagle's cry;
It is pleasant to roam in the bonnie green wood,
When the stags go bounding by.
And it's merry to sit when the red wine goes round,
'Mid the poet's sweet song and the minstrel's sweet sound.

2.

It is merry in moonshine to lead down the dance,
To go starting away when the string
Shakes out its deep sound, and the fair maidens fly
Like the sunlight—or birds on the wing.
And it's merry at gloaming aneath the bows green,
To woo a young maiden and roam all unseen.

3.

But it's blither by far when the pennon is spread,
And the lordly loud trumpet is pealing,
When the bright swords are out, and the war-courser neighs,
As high as the top of Helvellyn.
And away spurs the warrior, and makes the rocks ring,
With the blows that he strikes for his country and king.

4.

Our gallants have sprung to their saddles, and bright
Are the swords in a thousand hands;

I came through Carlisle, and I heard their steeds neigh
O'er the gentle Eden's sands.
And seats shall be emptied, and brands shall be wet,
Ere all these gay gallants in London are met.

5.

Lord Maxwell is mounted by winding Nith,
Lord Kenmore by silver Dee;
The blithe lads spur on from the links of the Orr,
And Durisdeer's greenwood tree.
And the banners which waved when Judea was won,
Are all given again to the glance of the sun.

6.

The Johnstone is stirring in old Annandale,
The Jardine—the Halliday's coming
From merry Milkwater, and haunted Dryfe bank;
And Eske that shall list at the gloaming,
The war shout—the yell, and of squadrons the dash,
And gleam to the claymore, and carabine's flash.

7.

Then come with the war-horse, the basnet, and sword,
And bid the big trumpet awaken;
The bright locks that stoop'd at a fair lady's feet
Mid the tempest of war must be shaken.
It is pleasant to spur to the battle the steed,
And cleave the proud helmet that holds a foe's head.

8.

Thy sword's rusty, Howard—hot Dacre, art thou
So cool when the war-horse is bounding?

Come Percy, come thou, like a Percy of yore,
When the trumpet of England is sounding:
And come, gallant Selby—thy name is a name,
While a soldier has soul, and a minstrel has flame.

9.

And come too, ye names that are nameless—come mount,
And win ye a name in proud story:
A thousand long years at the sock and the share
Are not worth one moment of glory.
Come arm ye, and mount ye, and make the helms ring
Of the Whigs, as ye strike for your country and king!

"The whole household of Wilton-hall, including Walter Selby and myself, had gradually gathered around this merchant-minstrel, whose voice, from an ordinary chant, had arisen, as we became interested, into a tone of deep and martial melody. Nor was it the voice alone of the stranger that became changed—his face, which at the commencement of the ballad had a grave and a dubious expression, brightened up with enthusiasm—his frame grew erect, and his eyes gleamed with that fierce light, which has

been observed in the eyes of the English soldiers on the eve of battle. ‘ What thinkest thou, pretty Eleanor, of our merchant now,’ said Walter Selby:—‘ I should like to have such a form on my right hand when I try to empty the saddles of the southern horse of some of the boldest Whigs.’—‘ And I’ll pledge thee, young gentleman,’ said the pedlar,—raising his voice at once from the provincial drawl and obscurity of lowland Scotch into the purest English,—‘ any vow thou askest of me, to ride on which hand thou wilt—and be to thee as a friend and a brother, when the battle is at the hottest—and so I give thee my hand on’t.’—‘ I touch no hand,’ said Walter Selby, ‘ and I vow no vow either in truce or battle, till I know thy name, if thou art of the lineage of the gentle or the churl—I am a Selby, and the Selbys—’ —‘ The Selbys,’ said the stranger, in a tone, slow and deliberate, ‘ are an ancient and a noble race—but this is no time,

young gentleman, to scruple precedence of blood. In the fields where I have ridden, noble deeds have been achieved by common hands—while the gentle and the far descended have sat apart nor soiled their swords.—I neither say I am of a race churlish nor noble—but my sword is as sharp as other men's, and might do thee a friendly deed were it nigh thee in danger.'—'Now God help us,' said the dame of Wilton-hall, 'what will old England become!—here's young Wat Selby debating lineage and blood with a packman churl:—in good truth, if I had but one drop of gentle blood in my veins, I would wrap him up in his own plaid, and beat him to death with his ell wand—which I'll warrant is a full thumb-breadth short of measure.' I stood looking on Walter Selby and on the stranger—the former standing aloof with a look of haughty determination—and the latter, with an aspect of calm and intrepid resolution, enduring the scoff of the hot-

headed youth, and the scorn of the vulgar matron.

" It might be now about nine o'clock —the air was balmy and mute, the sky blue and unclouded, and the moon, yet unrisen, had sent as much of her light before her as served, with the innumerable stars, to lighten the earth from the summit of the mountains to the deepest vales. I never looked upon a more lovely night, and gladly turned my face from the idle disputants to the green mountain-side, upon which that forerunner gleam which precedes the moon had begun to scatter its light. While I continued gazing, there appeared a sight on Soutra-fell side—strange, ominous, and obscure to many, at that time, but which was soon after explained in desolation and in blood. I saw all at once a body of horsemen coming swiftly down the steep and impassable side of the mountain—where no earthly horse ever rode. They amounted to many hundreds, and trooped onwards in succession—their helmets

gleaming, and their drawn swords shining amid the starlight. On beholding this vision, I uttered a faint scream, and Walter Selby, who was always less or more than other men, shouted till the mountain echoed. ‘ Saw ever man so gallant a sight? A thousand steeds and riders on the perpendicular side of old Soutra—see where they gallop along a linn, where I could hardly fly a hawk! O for a horse with so sure and so swift a foot as these, that I might match me with this elfin chivalry! My wanton brown, which can bound across the Derwent like a bird, with me on its back, is but a pack-horse to one of these.’ Alarm was visible in every face around—for we all knew what the apparition foreboded—a lost battle, and a ruined cause. I heard my father say that the like sight appeared on Helvellyn side, before the battle of Marston-moor—with this remarkable difference—the leader wore on his head the semblance of a royal crown, whereas the

leaders of the troop whom I beheld wore only earl's coronets.

"'Now his right hand protect us!' said the dame of Wilton-hall. 'What are we doomed to endure?—what will follow this?'—'Misery to many,' answered the pedlar, 'and sudden and early death to some who are present.' 'Cease thy croak, thou northern raven!' said Walter Selby—'if they are phantoms, let them pass—what care we for men of mist?—and if they are flesh and bone, as I guess by their bearing they must surely be—they are good gallant soldiers of our good king, and thus do I bid them welcome with my bugle.' He winded his horn till the mountain echoed far and wide—the spectre horsemen, distant nearly a quarter of a mile, seemed to halt—and the youth had his horn again at his lips to renew the note, when he was interrupted by the pedlar, who, laying his hand on the instrument, said, 'Young gentleman, be wise, and be ruled—yon vision is sent for

man's instruction—not for his scoff and his scorn.'—The shadowy troop now advanced, and passed toward the south at the distance of an hundred yards. I looked on them as they went, and I imagined I knew the forms of many living men—doomed speedily to perish in the battle-field, or on the scaffold. I saw the flower of the Jacobite chivalry—the Maxwells, the Gordons, the Boyds, the Drummonds, the Ogilvys, the Camerons, the Scotts, the Foresters, and the Selbys. The havoc which happened among these noble names it is needless to relate—it is written in tale—related in ballad—sung in song—and deeper still it is written in family feeling and national sympathy. A supernatural light accompanied this pageant, and rendered perfectly visible horse and man:—in the rear I saw a form that made me shudder—a form still present to my eye, and impressed upon my heart—old and sorrow-worn as it is—as vividly as in early youth. I saw the shape of Walter

Selby—his short cloak, his scarlet dress—his hat and feather—his sword by his side—and that smiling glance in his deep dark eye which was never there but for me, and which I could know among the looks of a thousand thousand. As he came, he laid his bridle on his horse's neck, and leaned aside, and took at me a long, long look. The youth himself, full of life and gladness beside me, seemed to discover the resemblance between the spectre rider and himself, and it was only by throwing myself in his bosom, that I hindered him from addressing the apparition. How long I remained insensible in his arms I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself pressed to the youth's bosom—and a gentleman with several armed attendants standing beside me—all showing by their looks the deep interest they took in my fate."

THE

SELBYS OF CUMBERLAND.

PART THIRD.

DEATH OF WALTER SELBY.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in trumpet and sword:
Else the proud name of Selby, which gladden'd us long,
Shall pass from the land like the sough of a song.

OLD BALLAD.

BEFORE dame Eleanor Selby had concluded her account of the Spectre Horsemen of Soutra-fell, the sun had set—and the twilight, warm, silent, and dewy, had succeeded—that pleasant time between light and dark, in which domestic labour finds a brief remission. The shepherd, returned from hill or moor, spread out his hose—moistened in morass or rivulet

—before the hearth fire, which glimmered far and wide, and taking his accustomed seat, sat mute and motionless as a figure of stone. The cows came lowing homewards from the pasture-hills; others feeding out of cribs filled with rich moist clover, yielded their milk into a score of pails; while the ewes, folded on the sheltered side of the remote glen, submitted their udders, not without the frequent butt and bleat, to the pressure of maidens' hands. Pastoral verse has not many finer pictures than what it borrows from the shepherd returning from the hill, and the shepherdess from the fold—the former with his pipe and dogs, and the latter with her pail of reeking milk, each singing with a hearty country freedom of voice, and in their own peculiar way, the loves and the joys of a pastoral life. The home of Randal Rode presented a scene of rough plenty, and abounded in pastoral wealth; the head of the house associated with his domes-

tics, and maintained that authority over their words and conduct which belonged to simpler times; and something of the rustic dignity of the master was observable in his men. His daughter Maude busied herself among the maidens with a meekness and a diligence which had more of the matron than is commonly found in so young a dame. All this escaped not the notice of her old and capricious kinswoman Eleanor Selby; but scenes of homely and domestic joy seemed alien to her heart. The intrusion too of the churlish name of Rode among the martial Selbys, never failed to darken the picture which she would have enjoyed had this rustic alloy mixed with the precious metal of any other house. It was her chief delight, since all the males of her name had perished, to chant ballads in their praise, and relate their deeds from the time of the Norman invasion down to their ruin in the last rebellion. Many snatches of these chivalrous bal-

lads are still current on the Border—the debateable land of song as well as of the sword—where minstrels sought their themes, and entered, harp in hand, into rivalry—a kind of contest which the sword, the critic's weapon of those days, was often drawn to decide. Much of this stirring and heroic border-life mingles with the traditionary tales of Eleanor Selby. Her narratives contain, occasionally, a vivid presentment of character and action. I shall endeavour to preserve something of this, and retain, at the same time, their dramatic cast, while I prune and condense the whole, to render them more acceptable to the impatience of modern readers. She thus pursued her story.

"I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low—it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind—and the life's-blood of Walter Selby was no common

blood to me. The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away—and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning—as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult; and we were obliged to go a sinuous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far ahead as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon, large and bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow

wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: 'Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?' 'Truly,' said I, 'most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valour may reinstate me in my ancient domains—or else win for me some new and princely inheritance.' 'Thou speakest,' said the youth, 'like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dra-

goons—nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off—for we go on a journey of no small peril.' To these sensible and considerate words I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavouring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: 'Nay, nay, mine own sweet and gentle cousin—my sweet Eleanor—I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,—and our horses' heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. 'That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still to oblige thee, his ballad told more truth than I reckoned a minstrel might infuse into verse. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us or with us,—and now for the game of coronets and crowns—a

coffin, coz, or an earl's bauble—for we march upon Preston.'

"Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them without emotion, and I looked on Walter Selby with an eye that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. 'Now do not be afraid of our success, my fair coz,' said he, 'when to all the proud names of the border—names thou hast long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them—we add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the setters-up and pluckers-down of kings—even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and sedate errant damosel.' This conversation obtained for us the attention of several stranger cavaliers who happened to

join us, as, emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green and wide moor or common. One of them, with a short cloak and slouched hat and heron's feather, rode up to my right hand, and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted old Scottish style :—'Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart—and, fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy—and there be such in our company—may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bowne on such a dangerous and unwonted journey.' I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, 'I had the protection of a young person who would feel

pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task.' 'And, fair lady,' continued he, 'since Walter Selby is thy protector, my labour will be the less.' My cousin, who during this conversation had ridden silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, 'Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of the pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and as proud as the lordliest of his ancestors, feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman.'

"I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter

Selby: he had a brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold, martial-looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chaffered with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny toys and trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper: —'Fair lady, these are not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed, summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride aneath an earl's pennon.'

"Our party, during this nocturnal

march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the grey day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen—young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a grey mantle, or plaid, and all the while looking stedfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his

voice, to assist my recollection,—and I shall never forget the verses the old man chanted with a broken and melancholy, and, I think I may add, prophetic voice:

OH! PRESTON, PROUD PRESTON.

1.

Oh! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky;
Thy richness, a prey to the spoiler is doom'd,
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed:
Thy sage with grey locks, and thy dame with the brown
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,
Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them: the hour
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—weep—
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy sleep.

2.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy cry,
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die?
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust?
My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are fair;
Where the battle is hottest, my sword's shining there;
And my sons bow their heads, and are on their knees
kneeling,
When the pray'r is pour'd forth and the organ is pealing:
What harm have I wrought, and to whom offer'd wrong,
That thou comest against me with shout and with song?

3.

What harm hast thou wrought! list and hearken—the hour
Of revenge may be late—but it's certain and sure:
As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,
So sure is the time of destruction to thee.
What harm hast thou wrought!—haughty Preston, now hear—
Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the spear;
And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foaming and hot,
And I hear thy horns sound, and the knell of thy shot:
The seal of stern judgment is fix'd on thy fate,
When the life-blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

4.

Oh! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword 's braving
The foes of thy prince, when thy pennon is waving;
The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land;
The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand;
The Maxwells shall live, though diminish'd their shine,
And the Scotts in bard's song shall be all but divine;
Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,
Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme;
But the horn of the Selbys has blown its last blast,
And the star of their names from the firmament cast.

"I dropt the bridle from my hand, and all the green expanse of dale and hill grew dim before me. The voice of the old man had for some time ceased before I had courage to look about; and I im-

mediately recognized in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border—where the strong, lively imagery, and familiar diction, of the old ballads still maintain their ground against the classic elegance and melody of modern verse. I drew back a little; and shaking the old man by the hand, said, 'Many years have passed, Harpur Harberson, since I listened to thy minstrel skill at Lanercost; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leftest my father's hall.' 'Deed, my bonnie lady,' said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightened his face for a moment, 'sangs of sorrow and dule have been rifer with me than ballads of merriment and mirth. It's long now since I rode and fought by my gallant master's

side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand sae steeve at the steel, as it was in those blessed and heroic days. It 's altered days with Harpur Harberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selbys, and won the cup of gold. I heard that my bonnie lady and her gallant cousin were on horseback; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It 's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again; and it 's better for an auld man to fall with a sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, streeked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause.' He drew his hat over his brow; while I endeavoured to

cheer him by describing the numbers, resources, and strength, of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him 'there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave.' He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe for a moment, against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—It was but for a moment. 'Deed no—'deed no, my bonnie, bonnie lady, it canna—canna be. Glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horseman could never urge a steed,

and that the forms and semblances of living men were visible to me in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather, old minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words: they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
To follow no banner that comes from the flood,
To march no more southward to battle and blood.
League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—
To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—

And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,
While eagles love Skiddaw, and soldiers love glory.

" ' These are the words of my ancestor —what must be must—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston.' As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

" It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner,—with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum. It was soon

broad daylight; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Westmoreland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed.—There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol, and carabine—the latter with musket and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days, some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail, others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests, and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord

Kenmore, marched in front, singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

1.

Kenmore 's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmore 's on and awa,
And Kenmore's lord is the gallantest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

2.

Success to Kenmore's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmore's band;
There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,
E'er rode by Kenmore's hand.

3.

There 's a rose in Kenmore's cap, Willie,
There 's a rose in Kenmore's cap,—
He 'll steep it red in ruddie life's blood,
Afore the battle drap.

" Such were some of the verses by which the rustic minstrels of those days sought to stimulate the valour of their countrymen. One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded;

those of Lord Derwentwater followed; a band, numerous, but divided in opinion; unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril, like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed: a band of warriors, strange, and even savage in their appearance; brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle, with plaid and bonnet and broadsword, bare kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity; compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being, a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single

blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot.

"No serious attempt was made to impede us: some random shots were fired from the hedge-rows and groves; till at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising grounds, leaving our entry into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face showed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies: this passed not unobserved of the cavalier at my

side, who said, with a smile, ‘ Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against us; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet garb and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who measure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our own little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup. There ’s my Lord Kenmore; a hot, a brave, and a self-willed, and the Scotch maidens say a bonnie Gordon; his sword had stuck half-drawn from the scabbard, but for the white hand of his wife: but he that lives under the influence of bright eyes, Lady Eleanor, lives under a spell as powerful as loyalty. And what would the little book say of

my Lord Nithsdale, with whom ride so many of the noble name of Maxwell? Can scorn for the continual cant and sordid hearts of some acres of psalm-singing covenanters, who haunt the hill-tops of Terreagles and Dalswinton, cause the good lord to put the fairest domains on the border in jeopardy? or does he hope to regain all the sway held by his ancestors of yore over the beautiful vale of Nith; humbling into dust, as he arises, the gifted weaver who preaches, the inspired cordwainer who expounds, and the upstart grocer who holds rule—the two former over men's minds, and the latter over men's bodies? There's my Lord Carnwath ——.'

"At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets, and the rushing of horses behind us; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character,—'Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's

troopers come to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes: and now for the onset, Walter Selby.' The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head; swords were bared in a moment; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back; the clashing of swords, the knelling of carabines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle-shout of the living, came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me.

"I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which at first had only extended to a few blows and shots, becoming bloody and dubious; for the

enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held up my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, 'O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him! they'll slay him!' An old highlander, at almost the same instant, exclaimed, in very corrupt English, 'God! she'll no stand and see the border lads a' cut to pieces!' and, uttering a kind of military yell, flew off with about two hundred men to the assistance of his friends.

"I was not allowed to remain and witness the charge of these northern warriors, but was led into Preston, and carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies, who followed the fortune of their lords in this unhappy expedition, endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. But I soon was the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby, and his companion,

soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom, and sobbed with joy: he kissed my forehead, and said, 'Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott; but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are.' I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, 'Accept, sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance.' 'Bless thee, fair lady,' said the knight, 'I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought.' I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips; and washing the blood from his hands, removing the soils of battle from his dress, and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most cheerful of the company.

"It was evident, from the frequent

and earnest consultations of the leaders of this rash enterprise, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons. As the danger pressed, advice and contradiction, which at first were given and urged with courtesy and respect, now became warm and loud; and the Earl of Derwentwater, a virtuous and amiable man, but neither warrior nor leader, instead of overawing and ruling the tumultuary elements of his army, strode to and fro, a perfect picture of indecision and dismay, and uttered not a word.

"All this while, Sir Thomas Scott sat beside Walter Selby and me, calm and unconcerned; conversing about our ancient house; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the melody of music to the

old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds. In a moment of less alarm I could have worshipped him for this; and my poor Walter seemed the child of his companion's will, and forgot all but me in the admiration with which he contemplated him.

"The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous; when Lord Nithsdale, a little, high-spirited and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, 'This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love; betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both.' Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmore, returned to us, and said, 'Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals and major-generals has been laid before our leaders, as turns them pale; a

mere muster-roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmore, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's counsel now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return.' So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to every step in the porch, till their return, which happened within an hour.

"They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were hacked and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them, 'Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned aught of their numbers?' 'We have done more,' said Sir Thomas; 'we have learned from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely await for dawn to attack you.' This announcement seemed to strike a damp to

the hearts of several of the chiefs; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. 'I would counsel you,' said Sir Thomas, 'to make an instant attack upon their position before their cannon arrive; I will lead the way; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage; let some of our border troopers dismount, and with the clansmen open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops which line the hedge rows and enclosures; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory.' Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; and the precious hours of night were consumed in unavailing debate, and passionate contradiction.

"This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet, and the rushing of horse; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the

courage to go into the street; and had not proceeded far till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at the gallop; but their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword; for the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horsemen with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled; assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up, to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe. The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent Colonel Oxburgh with a message to General Willis to propose a capitulation.

"Sir Thomas Scott came to Walter Selby and me, and said, with a smile of

bitter scorn, 'Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what the good green wood will do for poor outlaws; I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this.'

"We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered upon an extensive common or chase, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to

hear the trumpet summons, and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston.

" As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his hand to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations, he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature, and half of man's hand, which divided the chase or waste in two; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain, with about thirty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush upon us, calling out, ' Yield! down with the traitors!' Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carabines were flashing, and both parties spurred, alike eager for blood.

"Of this unexpected and fatal contest I have but an indistinct remembrance; the glittering of the helmets, the shining of drawn swords, the flashing of pistols and carabines, the knell of shot, the rushing of horses, and the outcry of wounded men, come all in confusion before me; but I cannot give a regular account of such a scene of terror and blood. It was of brief duration. I laid my bridle on my horse's neck, and wrung my hands, and followed with my looks every motion of Walter Selby. He was in the pride of strength and youth, and spurred against the boldest; and putting soul and might into every blow, made several saddles empty; I held up my hands and prayed audibly for success. A dragoon, who had that moment killed a cavalier, rode to my side, and exclaimed, 'Down with thy hands, thou cursed nun, down with thy hands; woot pray yet, woot thou; curse tha then;' and he made a stroke at me with his sword. The eyes of Walter

Selby seemed to lighten as a cloud does on a day of thunder, and at one blow he severed the dragoon's head, bone and helmet, down to his steel collar. As the trooper fell, a pistol and carabine flashed together, and Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropt his head, and his sword; and saying, faintly, 'Oh, Eleanor!' fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprang to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him; and oh, I doubt I upbraided the Eternal with his death! but Heaven will pity the ravings of despair. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged over us.

"Ere the contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. 'Alas! alas!' said

he, 'that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this! Haste, Frank, Elliot, haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs; cover it thick with our mantles; place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks. Ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it; and you, minstrel Harberson, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady.'

"All these orders, so promptly given, were as quickly executed; and we recommenced our journey to the north, with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter, which, alas! became a bier, ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen; a grave was prepared; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiem, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. 'The dust of our young hero,' said Sir

Thomas, 'must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth.' The minstrel of the ancient name of Selby stood gazing on the grave, and burst out into the following wail or burial song, which is still to be heard from the lips of the maids and matrons of Cumberland:

LAMENT FOR WALTER SELBY.

1.

Mourn, all ye noble warriors—
  Lo! here is lying low
As brave a youth as ever
  Spurr'd a courser on the foe:
Hope is a sweet thing to the heart,
  And light unto the ee,
But no sweeter and no dearer
  Than my warrior was to me:
He rode a good steed gallantly,
  And on his foes came down
With a war-cry like the eagle's,
  From Helvellyn's haughty crown:
His hand was wight, and his dark eye
  Seem'd born for wide command;
Young Selby has nae left his like
  In all the northern land.

2.

Weep for him, all ye maidens—
And weep for him, all ye dames;
He was the sweetest gentleman
From silver Tweed to Thames.
Wail all for Walter Selby,
Let your tears come dropping down;
Wail all for my young warrior,
In cottage, tower, and town.
Curs'd be the hand that fired the shot;
And may it never know
What beauty it has blighted,
And what glory it laid low!
Shall some rude peasant sit and sing,
How his rude hand could tame
Thy pride, my Walter Selby,
And the last of all thy name?

3.

And mourn too, all ye minstrels good,
And make your harp-strings wail,
And pour his worth through every song,
His deeds through every tale.
His life was brief, but wond'rous bright:
Awake your minstrel story!
Lo! there the noble warrior lies,
So give him all his glory.
When Skiddaw lays its head as low,
As now 'tis green and high—

And the Solway sea grows to a brook,
Now sweeping proudly by—
When the soldier scorns the trumpet sound,
Nor loves the temper'd brand—
Then thy name, my Walter Selby,
Shall be mute in Cumberland.'

"But, alas! the form of the lovely and the brave was not permitted to sink silently into dust—it was plucked out of its lonely and obscure grave—displayed on a gibbet, and the head, separated from the body, was placed on the gate of Carlisle. All day I sat looking, in sadness and tears, on this sorrowful sight, and all night I wandered wild and distracted about, conjuring all men who passed by to win me but one tress of the long bright hair of Walter Selby. Even the rude sentinels were moved by my grief, but no one dared to do a deed so daring and so perilous.

"I remember it well—it was on a wild and stormy night—the rain fell fast—the thunder rocked the walls, and the

lightnings flashing far and wide showed the castle's shattered towers, and the river Eden rolling deep in flood. I wrapped my robe about me, and approached the gate. The sentinels, obeying the storm, had sought shelter in the turrets, and no living soul seemed abroad but my own unhappy self. I gazed up to the gate where, alas! I had often gazed, and I thought I beheld a human form—a flash of lightning passed, and I saw it was a living being—it descended and approached me, motioning me back with its hand. I retired in awe, and still the figure followed. I turned suddenly round and said, 'Whether thou comest for evil or for good, farther shall I not go till I know thy errand.'

"'Fair and unhappy lady,' said a voice which I had often heard before, 'I have come, not without peril, from a distant place; for I heard the story of your daily and nightly sorrowings, and I vowed I would not leave a relique of

the noble and the brave to gladden the eyes of vulgar men, and feast the fowls of heaven. Here, take this tress of thy lover's hair, and mourn over it as thou wilt—men shall look on the morrow for the golden locks of Walter Selby waving on Carlisle gate, and when they see nothing there they shall know that the faithful and the valiant are never without friends. His body has been won, and his head removed, and his dust shall mingle with the knightly and the far descended, even as I vowed when we laid him in his early grave.' With these words Sir Thomas Scott departed, and I placed the ringlet in my bosom, from which it shall never be separated."

Such was the story of Eleanor Selby. In a latter day some unknown Scottish minstrel heard the uncertain and varying tradition, and, with a minstrel's licence, wove it into verse, suppressing the name of Selby and giving the whole a colour and character most vehemently Scottish.

A northern lady is made to sing the following rude and simple lament:

CARLISLE YETTS.

1.

White was the rose in my love's hat,
While he rowed me in his lowland plaidy,
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was ay in battle ready;
His lang lang hair in yellow hanks
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy,
But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets soiled and bloody.

2.

When I came first through fair Carlisle
Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming,
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
The thistled pennons far were streaming.
When I came next through fair Carlisle
O! sad, sad seemed the town and eerie,
The old men sobbed, and grey dames wept,
O! lady, come ye to seek your dearie?

3.

I tarried on a heathery hill,
My tresses to my cheeks were frozen,
And far adown the midnight wind
I heard the din of battle closing.

The grey day dawned, where 'mang the snow
Lay many a young and gallant fellow,
But the sun came visiting in vain
Two lovely een tween locks of yellow.

4.

There's a tress of soiled and yellow hair
Close in my bosom I am keeping,
Oh! I have done with delight and love,
So welcome want, and woe, and weeping.
Woe, woe upon that cruel heart,
Woe, woe, upon that hand so bloody,
That lordless leaves my true love's hall,
And makes me wail a virgin widow.

PLACING A SCOTTISH MINISTER.

Lang patronage, wi' rod of airn,
Has shored the kirk's undoin,
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin;
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin;
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

BURNS.

"THE pleasantest hour, perhaps, of human life, is when a man, becoming master of his own actions, and with his first earned money in his hand, gazes along the opening vista of existence, and sees, in silent speculation, the objects of his ambition appearing before him in their

shadowy succession of peace, and enjoyment, and glory. Out of a few hard-won shillings, the peasant frames visions of rustic wealth, whitens the mountains with his flocks, and covers the plain with clover and corn. The seaman casts his future anchor on a coast of silver, and gold, and precious stones; and sees his going and returning sails wafting luxury and riches. The poet, in his first verse, feels a thrill of unbounded joy he is never to experience again; he hears Fame sounding her trumpet at his approach, and imagines his songs descending through the most delightful of all modes of publication—the sweet lips of millions of fair maidens, now and for evermore. It was with feelings of this kind that I arranged the purchases my first wealth made, in a handsome pack secured with bolt and lock; and proceeded to follow the gainful and healthful calling of a packman among the dales of Dumfrieshire and the green hills of Galloway. On the first

morning of my trade, I halted in every green lane, spread out the motley contents of my box in orderly array before me, surveyed them with silent and growing joy, then placed them again in the box, and recommenced my march, amid busy calculation of the probable proceeds of my industry.

" A little before noon, on a sweet morning of summer, I had seated myself on the summit of a little green fairy hill which overlooks the ancient abbey of Bleeding-Heart; and, spreading out all the articles I had to offer for sale before me, I indulged, unconsciously, in the following audible speculation:—' A pleasant story and a merry look will do much among the young; and a sedate face and a grave tale will win me a lodging from the staid and devout. For the bonnie lass and the merry lad, have I not the choicest ballads and songs? For the wise and the grave, do I lack works of solemn import, from the Prophecies of Peden,

and the Crumb of Comfort, up to Salvation's Vantage-Ground, or a Louping-on-Stone for Heavy Believers? Then for those who are neither lax on the one hand, nor devout on the other, but stand as a stone in the wall, neither in the kirk nor out of it, have I not books of as motley a nature as they? And look at these golden laces, these silken snoods, and these ivory bosom busks,—though I will not deny that a well-faured lass has a chance to wheedle me out of a lace, or a ribbon, with no other money than a current kiss, and reduce my profit,—yet I must even lay it the heavier on new-married wives, rosy young widows, and lasses with fee and bounty in their laps. It would be a sad thing if love for a sonsie lass should make me a loser.'

"An old dame in a grey linsey-woolsey gown, a black silk riding hood pinned beneath her chin, with a large calf-skin-covered Bible under her arm, had approached me unseen. She fell upon me

like a whirlwind:—'O! thou beardless trickster, thou seventeen year old scant-o'-grace, wilt thou sit planning among God's day-light how to overreach thy neighbour? My sooth lad, but thou art a gleg one. I question if William Mackfen himself, who has cheated my good man and me these twenty-seven summers, is half such a wily loon as thyself. A night's lodging ye need never ask at Airnaumrie. And yet it would be a sore matter to my conscience to turn out a face so young, and so well faured, to the bensel of the midnight blast.' And away the old lady walked, and left me to arrange the treasures of my pack at my leisure.

"Her words were still ringing in my ears, when an old man, dressed in the antique Scottish fashion—a grey plaid wound about his bosom, a broad westland bonnet on his head, which shaded, but did not conceal, a few shining white hairs, and with a long white staff in his hand, came up, and addressed me:—'Gather

up thy books and thy baubles, young man; this is not the time to spread out these worldly toys to the eyes of human infirmity. Gather them together, and cast them into that brook, and follow me. Alas!' said he, touching my treasures with the end of his staff, 'here are gauds for our young and our rosie madams,—-bosom-busks, brow-snoods, and shining brooches for ensnaring the eyes of youth. I tell thee, young man, woman will fall soon enough from her bright station by her own infirmities, without thy helping hand to pluck her down. Much do I fear thou hast been disposing of sundry of thy snares to the vain old dame of Airnaumrie. She is half saint and half sinner; and the thoughts of her giddy youth are still too strong for her grey hairs: seest thou not that she carries the book of redemption in her hand, when she should bear it in her head? But she gleaned her scanty knowledge on an Erastian field among

the Egyptian stubble. Ah! had she been tightly targed by a sound professor on the Proof Catechism, she had not needed that printed auxiliary under her arm. But I waste precious time on an unprofiting youth. I hasten whither I am called,—for patronage, with its armed hand, will give the kirk of Galloway a sad stroke to-day, if there be no blessed interposition.' And my male followed my female monitor, leaving me to wonder what all this religious bustle and preparation might mean.

"I was about to follow, when loud talk, and louder laughter, came towards me through the green avenue of a neighbouring wood. A bevy of lads and lasses in holiday clothes, with books of devotion in their hands, soon appeared; and they were not slack in indulging themselves in week-day merriment. 'A pretty whig, indeed!' said a handsome girl with brown locks, and coats kilted half-way up a pair of very white legs; 'a pretty whig, in-

deed!—I'll tell thee, lad, thou'lt never be the shining star in the firmament thy aunt speaks of when she prays. I have seen a lad with as much grace in his eye as thyself, endure a sore sermon by himself when the kirk should have scaled.' 'And I have seen,' retorted the swain, 'as great a marvel as a pair of white legs, rosie lips, and mischievous eyes, making as wise a man as myself pay dear for an hour's daffin.' 'Daffin,' said the maiden, laughing till the woods rung again; 'daffin will be scant when a lass seeks for't with such a world's wonder as thee. It sets thy mother's oldest son well to speak of daffin.' 'I have climbed a higher tree, and harried a richer nest,' murmured the plowman: 'but what, in the name of patronage, have we here? Here's an abstract personification, as somebody called John Goudie the Cameronian, of old Willie Mackfen the pedlar—in the days of his youth.' So saying, a crowd of lads and lasses sur-

ronnded my pack and me,and proceeded to examine and comment on my commodities, with an absence of ceremony which would have vexed even a veteran traveller.

" ' As I shall answer for it,' said one youth, ' here's the very snood Jenny Birkwhistle lost amang Andrew Lorrance's broom.' ' And I protest,' retorted the maiden, justly offended at this allusion to the emblem of maidenhood, ' I protest, here's the wisest of all printed things—even A Groat's Worth of Wit for a Penny, which thy mother longed to read ere she was lightened of thee. Thy father has much to answer for.' A loud laugh told that truth was mingled with the wit of the maiden. Utter ruin seemed to wait on my affairs, when a woman, with a sour sharp visage, and a tongue that rang like a steel hammer on a smith's anvil, came up, and interposed. ' Ye utterly castaway and graceless creatures, are ye making god-

less mirth on a green hill side?' said she, stretching forth her hands, garnished with long finger-nails, over the crowd—like a hawk over a brood of chickens, 'is not this the day when patronage seeks to be mighty, and will prevail? Put yourselves, therefore, in array. The preaching man of Belial, with his red dragons, even now approaches the afflicted kirk of Bleeding-Heart. Have ye not heard how they threaten to cast the cope-stone of the kirk into the deep sink, where our forefathers of yore threw the lady of Babylon, and her painted and mitred minions? But it is ever this way. Ye would barter the soul's welfare for the body's folly. Ah!' said she to a young peasant, 'what would Hezekiah Graneaway, thy devout grandfather, say, were he to see his descendant, on a day of trial like this, standing making mouths at a poor packman-lad, with a bevy of petticoated temptresses around him? Get along, I say, lest I tear those curled

love-locks from thy temples. And as for thee, thou young money-changer,—thou dealer in maiden trickery and idle gauds, knowest thou not that this is ORDINATION DAY—so buckle up thy merchandise, and follow. Verily, none can tell from whose hand the blow shall come this day, that will save us from the sinful compliance with that offspring of old Mahoun, even patronage.' I was glad of any pretext for withdrawing my goods from the hands of my unwelcome visitors; so I huddled them together, secured them with the lock, and followed the zealous dame, who, with a proud look, walked down the hill, to unite herself to a multitude of all ranks and sexes, which the placing of the parish minister had collected together.

"The place where this multitude of motley beliefs and feelings had assembled, was one of singular beauty. At the bottom of a woody glen, the margin of a beautiful lake, and the foot of a high

green mountain, with the sea of Solway seen rolling and sparkling in the distance, stood a populous and straggling village, through which a clear stream, and a paved road, winded side by side. Each house had its garden behind, and a bare-headed progeny running wild about the banks of the rivulet; beside which, many old men and matrons, seated according to their convenience, enjoyed the light of the sun, and the sweetness of the summer air. At the eastern extremity of the village, a noble religious ruin, in the purest style of the Saxons, raised its shattered towers and minarets far above all other buildings; while the wall-flowers, shooting forth in the spring at every joint and crevice, perfumed the air for several roods around. The buttresses, and exterior auxiliary walls, were covered with a thick tapestry of ivy; which, with its close-clinging and smooth shining leaf, resembled a covering of velvet. One bell, which tra-

dition declares to be of pure silver, remained on the top of one of the highest turrets, beyond the reach of man. It is never rung, save by a violent storm; and its ringing is reckoned ominous—deaths at land, and drownings at sea, follow the sound of the silver bell of Bleeding-Heart Abbey. Innumerable swarms of pigeons and daws shared the upper region of the ruin among them, and built and brought forth their young in the deserted niches of saints, and the holes from which corbals of carved wood had supported the painted ceiling. At the very foot of this majestic edifice stood the parish kirk, built in utter contempt of the beautiful proportions of its ancient neighbour; and for the purpose, perhaps, of proving in how mean a sanctuary the pure and stern devotion of the Presbyterians could humble itself. Men thrash their grain, stall their horses, feed their cattle, and even lodge themselves, in houses dry and comfortable—but, for

religion, they erect edifices which resemble the grave: the moist clay of the floor, the dampness, and frequent droppings of water from the walls, are prime matters of satisfaction to the parish grave-digger, and preserve his spade from rust.

"Into this ancient abbey, and the beautiful region around it, the whole population of the parish appeared to have poured itself, for the purpose of witnessing, and perhaps resisting, the ordination of a new and obnoxious pastor, whom patronage had provided for their instruction. Youths, more eager for a pleasant sight than religious controversy, had ascended into the abbey towers;—the thick-piled grave-stones of the kirk-yard—each ruined buttress—the broken altar stone, and the tops of the trees, were filled with aged or with youthful spectators. Presbyterians of the established kirk, Burghers, Antiburghers, Cameronians, and seceders of all denominations, paraded the

long crooked street of the village, and whiled away the heavy time, and amused their fancy, and soothed their conscience, by splitting anew the straws scattered about by the idle wind of controversy. Something like an attempt to obstruct the entrance to the kirk appeared to have been made. The spirit of opposition had hewn down some stately trees which shaded the kirk-yard, and these, with broken ploughs and carts, were cast into the road—the kirk door itself had been nailed up, and the bell silenced by the removal of the rope. The silver bell on the abbey alone, swept by a sudden wind, gave one gentle toll; and, at that moment, a loud outcry, from end to end of the village, announced the approach of the future pastor. The peasants thickened round on all sides; and some proceeded to wall up the door of the kirk with a rampart of loose stones. 'Let Dagon defend Dagon,' said one rustic, misapplying the Scripture he

quoted, while he threw the remains of the abbey altar-stone into the path. 'And here is the through-stone of the last abbot, Willie Bell. It makes a capital cope-stone to the defences—I kenn'd it by the drinking cup aside the death's head—he liked to do penance with a stoup of wine at his elbow,' said another boor, adding the broken stone to the other incumbrances. 'A drinking cup! ye coof,' said an old man, pressing through the crowd, 'it is a sand-glass—and cut too on the head-stone of thy own grandfather—black will be thy end for this.' The boor turned away with a shudder; while the dame of Airnaumrie, with the black hood, and large Bible, exclaimed, 'Take away that foul memorial of old Gomorrha Gunson. The cause can never prosper that borrows defence from that never-do-good's grave. Remove the stone, I say, else I shall brain thee with this precious book.' And she shook the religious missile at the descendant of old

Gomorrha, who carried off the stone; and no farther attempt was made, after this ominous circumstance, to augment the rampart.

"Amid all this stir and preparation, I had obtained but an indistinct knowledge of the cause which called into action all the grave, impatient, and turbulent spirits of the district. This was partly divulged in a conversation between two persons, to which there were many auditors. One was the male broad bonneted disciplinarian, who rebuked me for displaying the contents of my pack; and the other was the sour-visaged, shrill-tongued dame, who rescued my pack from the peril of pillage on the road, and with the true antique spirit of the reformed church, lent her voice to swell the clamour of controversy. Their faces were inflamed, and their voices exalted, by the rancour of mutual contradiction: and it was thus I heard the male stickler for the kirk's freedom of election, express him-

self: 'I tell thee once, woman, and I tell thee again, that the kirk of Bleeding-Heart there, where it stands so proud and so bonnie, by the side of that auld carcase of the woman of Rome,—I tell thee it shall stand empty and deserted, shall send forth on Sunday a dumb silence, and the harmony of her voice be heard no more in the land,—rather than she shall take, like a bridegroom to her bosom, that sapless slip of the soul-misleading and Latin-quoting University. Instead of drinking from the pure and fresh well-head, we shall have to drink from the muddy ditch which men have dug for themselves with the spades and shovels of learning. Instead of the down-pouring of the frank and heaven-communicated spirit, we shall have the earthly spirit—the gross invention and fancy of man—a long, dull, down-come of a read sermon, which falls as seed on the ocean, and chaff on the furrowed land. Besides all this, is not this youth—this

Joel Kirkpatrick, a slip or scion from the poisonous tree of patronage, that last legacy from the scarlet lady of Rome?' 'I say no to that—the back of my hand to that,' interrupted the woman, in red and visible wrath; 'I have heard him preach, and I have profited by his prayers; he is a precious youth, and has a happy gift at unravelling the puzzled skein of controversy. He will be a fixed and a splendid star, and that ye will soon see. And here he comes, blessings upon his head; ye shall hear a sermon soon, such as has not been heard in the land since that chosen youth, John Rutherford, preached on the text, 'I shall kiss thee with kisses of my mouth.' 'Woman, woman,' said her antagonist, 'thou art the slipperiest of thy kind; and opposition and controversy turn thee round, even as the bush bends to the blast. To-day hast thou stood for the kirk in its ancient purity; and lo! now thou wilt take her defiled by patronage, because of that

goodly youth Joel Kirkpatrick.' 'Silence, ye fule-fowk,' said a young plowman at their side, 'ye'll no let me hear the sound of the soldiers' bugle; they are coming to plant the gospel with spear and with sword. I have seen many a priest placed, some with pith of the tongue, and some with the pith of malt: Black Ned of the parish of Slokendrouth, was placed in his pulpit by the aid of the brown spirit of malt; and there the same spirit supports him still. But, on my conscience, I never saw a parson guarded to the pulpit with cold steel before. It's a sight worth seeing.'

"A stir and a movement was now observed at the extremity of the village; and presently the helmets, and plumes, and drawn swords, of two hundred horsemen, appeared, shining and waving above the crowd. This unusual accompaniment of the ministerial functions was greeted with hissings and hootings: and the scorn and anger

of the multitude burst at once into one loud yell. The women and the children, gathering the summer dust in their hands, showered it as thick and as blinding as winter-drift, on the persons of the troopers. The anger of the people did not rest here; pebbles were thrown, and symptoms of fiercer hostility began to manifest themselves; for many of the peasants were armed, and seemed to threaten to dispute the entrance to the kirk. In the midst of all this tumult, mounted on a little white horse, and dressed in black, rode a young man, around whom the dust ascended and descended as if agitated by a whirlwind. This was the minister. He passed on, nor looked to the right or left, but with singular meekness, and a look of sorrow and resignation, endured the tumultuous scorn of the crowd. Long before he reached the limit of the village, he seemed more a pillar of dust than a human being.

'Is the kirk a dog, that thou comest against her with staves?' said one: 'Or is she a besieged city, that thou bringest against her thy horsemen and thy chariots?' cried a second: 'Or comest thou to slay, whom thou canst not convince?' shouted a third: 'Or dost thou come to wash thy garments in the blood of saints?' bawled a fourth: 'Or to teach thy flock the exercise of the sword rather than the exercise of devotion?' yelled a fifth: 'Or come ye,' exclaimed a sixth—at the very limit of the human voice, 'to mix the voice of the psalm with that of the trumpet, and to hear how divinity and slaughter will sound together?' Others expressed their anger in hissings and hootings; while an old mendicant ballad-singer paraded, step by step with the minister, through the crowd, and sung to a licentious tune the following rustic lampoon:—

PLACING THE PARSON.

1.

Come hasten, and see, for the kirk, like a bride,
Is array'd for her spouse in sedateness and pride.
Comes he in meek mood, with his hands clasp'd, and sighing
For the godless and doom'd, with his hope set on Zion?
Comes he with the grave, the austere, and the sage,—
A warfare with those who scoff Scripture to wage?
He comes—hark! the reins of his war-steeds are ringing;
His trumpet—but 'tis not God's trumpet, is singing.

2.

Clap your hands, all ye graceless; sing loud, and rejoice,
Ye young men of Rimmon; and lift up your voice
All ye who love wantonness, wassail, and sinning
With the dame deck'd in scarlet and fine-twined linen.
Scoff louder, thou scoffer; scorn on, thou proud scorner;
Satan comes to build kirks, and has laid the first corner.
The Babylon dame, from perdition's deep pool,
Sings and cradles her babes in the kirk's cuttie stool.

3.

He comes! of all parsons the swatch and the pattern,
Shaped out to save souls by the shears of his patron.
He comes steep'd in learning's dark puddle, and chatters
Greek words, and tears all Calvin's creed into tatters,
And vows the hot pit shall shut up its grim portals,
Nor devour to a tithe the sum-total of mortals;
Talks of works, and morality's Will-o'-wisp glimmer,
And showers reason's frost on our spiritual simmer.

4.

He comes! lo! behind on their war-horses ranking,
Ride his bands of the faithful, their steel weapons clanking;
Proud hour for religion, when God's chosen word
Is proclaim'd by the trump, and confirm'd by the sword.
Proud hour, when with bayonet, and banner, and brand,
The kirk spreads her sway o'er old Galloway's land,
Where of yore, Sandie Peden look'd down on the vales,
Crying—Clap me hell's flame to their heathenish tails.

"Over this minstrel discordance a far louder din now prevailed; though the mendicant raised his voice to its loftiest pitch, and all those who purchased his

ballad swelled the noise with their utmost strength. A grove of elm and oak, old and stately, whose broad green branches had shaded the splendid processions of the hierarchy of the church of Rome, when in the height of its glory, presented a short avenue from the end of the village to the door of the parish kirk. Here the peasantry posted themselves in great numbers; and here the horsemen halted to form for the charge, which they expected to make before they could obtain access to the church. Nor did this promise to be an easy task. Many of the peasants were well armed; and boat-poles, pitchforks, fish-spears, and hedging-bills—all excellent weapons for resistance and annoyance,—began to thicken near the bosoms of the horses; while behind, fowling-pieces, and pistols, and swords, appeared prepared in hands that knew well how to use them. In a remoter line still, the women, their aprons charged with pebbles and staves, stood

ready to succour, with hand and with voice, the maintainers of kirk purity.

"The casting of dust—the showering of gravel and stones, and the loud outcry of the multitude, every moment augmented. John Cargill, a gifted Cameronian weaver, from one of the wildest Galloway mountains, brandished an oaken treddle with which he had armed himself, like a quarter-staff, and cried, 'Down with the men of Moab.' Tom Gunson, a smuggler, shouted till he was heard a mile distant, 'Down with them, my handy chaps, and we'll drink the auld kirk's health out of the troopers' helmets;' and, to crown their audacity, Ill Will Tennan, the poacher, halloed, 'Ise shoot the whole troop at a grey groat the pair, and give ye the raven priest to the mends.' Open hostility seemed almost unavoidable, when an old farmer, throwing his hat aside, advanced suddenly from the crowd to the side of the minister, and said, 'Did I ever think I should behold

the son of my soothfast friend, Hebron Kirkpatrick, going to glorify God's name at the head of a band of daily brawlers and paid stabbers?—his horse's feet shall pass over this frail body first;' and he bent himself down at the feet of the minister's horse, with his grey locks nearly touching the dust.

"At this unexpected address, and remarkable action, Joel Kirkpatrick wakened as from a reverie of despondency, and lighting from his horse, took the old man in his arms with looks of concern and affection. The multitude was hushed while the minister said, 'May my head be borne by the scoffer to the grave, and my name serve for a proverb of shame and reproach, if I step another step this day other than thou willest. Thou hast long been an exemplar and a guide to me, John Halberson; and, though God's appointed preacher, and called to the tending of his flock, be assured I will have thy sanction, else my ministry may be

barren of fruit.' The venerable old man gazed on the young preacher with the light of gladness in his eyes, and taking his hand, said, 'Joel Kirkpatrick, heed my words; I question not the authority of the voice permitted by Him whom we serve to call thee to his ministry. The word of the multitude is not always with the wisest, nor the cry of the people with the sound divine and the gifted preacher. I push thee not forward, neither do I pluck thee back; but surely, surely, young man of God, he never ordained the glory of his blessed kirk to be sustained by the sword, and that he whom he called should come blowing the trumpet against it. Much do I fear for the honour of that ministry which is entered upon with banner and brand.' As John Halberson spoke, a sudden light seemed to break upon the preacher—he motioned the soldiers back; and, taking off his hat, advanced firmly and meekly down the avenue towards the kirk-door, one time

busied in silent prayer, another time endeavouring to address the multitude.

" 'Hear him not,' said one matron; 'for he comes schooled from the university of guile and deceit; and his words, sweet as honey in the mouth, may prove bitter in the belly, even as wormwood.' 'I say hear him, hear him,' said another matron, shaking her Bible at her neighbour's head, to enforce submission—'ye think him bitterer than the gourd, but he will be sweeter than the honey-comb.' 'Absolve thee,' said one old man, the garrulity of age making a speech out of what he meant for an exclamation, 'Absolve thee of the foul guilt, the burning sin, and the black shame of that bane and wormwood of God's kirk, even patronage; and come unto us—not with the array of horsemen and the affeir of war; but come with the humility of tears, and the contrition of sighs, and we will put thee in the pulpit; for we know thou art a gifted youth.' Another old man,

with a bonnet and plaid, and bearing a staff to reinforce his lack of argument, answered the enemy of patronage, 'Who wishes for the choice of the foolish many, in preference to the election of the one-wise? The choice of our pastor will be as foolishness for our hearts and a stumbling-block to our feet. When did ignorance lift up its voice as a judge, and the sick heart become its own physician? We are as men who know nothing—each expounding scripture as seemeth wise in vain eyes; and yet shall we go to say this man, and no other, hath the wisdom to teach and instruct us?' 'Well spoken and wisely, laird of Birkenloan,' shouted a plowman from the summit of the old abbey; 'more by token, our nearest neighbours, in their love for the lad who could preach a sappy spiritual sermon, elected to the ministry a sworn and ordained bender of the bicker, whose pulpit, instead of the odour of sanctity, sends forth the odour of smuggled gin.'—A

loud burst of laughter from the multitude acknowledged the truth of the plowman's sarcasm; while Jock Gillock, one of the most noted smugglers of the coast of Solway, shook his hand in defiance at the rustic advocate of patronage, and said, 'If I don't make ye the best thrashed Robson ever stept in black leather shoon, may I be foundered in half a fathom of fresh water.' 'And if ye fail to know and fear the smell of a plowman's hand from this day forthwith, compared to that of all meaner men's,' cried the undaunted agriculturist, 'I will give ye leave to chop me into ballast for your smuggling cutter:' and he descended to the ground with the agility of a cat, while the mariner hastened to encounter him; and all the impetuous and intractable spirits on both sides followed to witness the battle.

"'So now,' said an old peasant, 'doth not the wicked slacken their array? Doth not the demon of secession, who hath so

long laid waste our kirk, draw off his forces of his own free will? Let us fight the fight of righteousness, while the workers of wickedness fight their own battles. Let us open the kirk portals, blocked up and barricadoed by the Shimeis of the land.' Several times the young preacher attempted to address the crowd, who had conceived a sudden affection for him since the salutary dismissal of the dragoons—but his flock were far too clamorous, impatient, and elated, to heed what he had to say. They were unaccustomed to be addressed, save from the pulpit; and the wisest speech from a minister without the imposing accompaniments of pulpit and pews, and ranks of douce unbonneted listeners, is sure to fail in making a forcible impression. It was wise, perhaps, in the minister to follow the counsel of grave John Halberson, and let the multitude work their own way. They lifted him from the ground; and, borne along by a crowd of old and

young, he approached the kirk—the obstacles which impeded the way vanished before the activity of a thousand willing hands. The kirk-door, fastened with iron spikes by a band of smugglers on the preceding evening, was next assailed, and burst against the wall with a clang that made the old ruin ring again, and in rushed a multitude of heads, filling every seat, as water fills a vessel, from one end of the building to the other. The preacher was borne aloft by this living tide to the door of the pulpit; while the divine, to whom was deputed the honour of ordaining and placing him in his ministry, was welcomed by a free passage, though he had to listen to many admonitions as he passed. 'O admonish him to preach in the ancient spirit of the reformed kirk—in a spirit that was wonderful to hear and awful to understand!' said one old man, shaking a head of grey hair as he spoke. 'And O,' said another peasant, as the divine turned

his head, unwilling thus to be schooled in his calling—'targe him tightly anent chambering and wantonness, the glory of youth and the pride of life: for the follies of the land multiply exceedingly.' From him the divine turned away in displeasure; but received in the other ear the cross-fire of an old woman, whose nose and chin could have held a hazel-nut, and almost cracked it between their extremities; and whose upper lip was garnished with a beard, matching in length and strength the whiskers of a cat. 'And O, sir, he's in a state of single-innocence and sore temptation even now—warn him, I beseech thee; warn him of the pit into which that singular and pious man fell in the hour of evil—even him whom the scoffers call sleepy Samuel. Bid him beware of painted flesh and languishing eyes—of which there be enough in this wicked parish. Tell him to beware of one whose love-locks and whose lures will soon

pluck him down from his high calling, even the fair daughter of the old dour trunk of the tree of papistry, bonnie Bess Glendinning.' Here her words were drowned in the more audible counsel of another of the burning and shining lights of the parish, from whose lips escaped, in a tone resembling a voice from a cavern, the alarming words, 'Socinians, Arminians, Dioclesians, Erastians, Arians, and Episcopalians.'—'Episcopalians!' ejaculated an old woman in dismay and astonishment, who mistook, perhaps, this curtailed catalogue of schismatics for some tremendous anathema or exorcism—'Episcopalians! God protect me, what's that?'

"I have no wish to attempt to describe the effects which a very happy, pithy, and fervent inauguration sermon had on the multitude. The topics of election, redemption, predestination, and the duties which he called his brother to perform, with a judicious mind, a christian

feeling, and an ardent but temperate spirit, were handled, perilous as the topics were, with singular tact, and discrimination, and delicacy. The happy mixture of active morality and spiritual belief, of work-day-world practice, and elegant theory, which this address contained, deserves a lasting remembrance.

"The summary of the preacher's duties, and the description of the impetuous and mistempered spirits of the parish, and the contradictory creeds which he had to soothe and to solder, form still a traditionary treasure to the parish. To minds young and giddy as mine, these healthy and solacing things were not so attractive as the follies and outrages of a disappointed crowd; and let not an old man, without reflecting that he too was once eighteen, condemn me for forsaking the presence and precepts of the preacher, for the less spiritual and less moral, but no less instructive drama which was acting in the open air.

The dragoons were still on their saddles, but had retired to the extremity of the village, where they emptied bottles of ale, and sung English ballads, with a gaiety and a life which obtained the notice of sundry of the young maidens; who are observed to feel a regard for scarlet and lace, which I leave to those who love not their pleasant company to explain. As they began to gather round, not unobserved by the sons of Mars, some of the village matrons proceeded to remonstrate. 'Wherefore gaze ye on the men with whiskers, pruned and landered, and with coats of scarlet, and with lace laid on the skirts thereof?' said one old woman, pulling at the same time her reluctant niece by the hand, while her eyes, notwithstanding her retrograde motion, were fixed on a brawny trooper. 'And Deborah,' said a mother to her daughter, whose white hand and whiter neck, shaded with tresses of glossy auburn, the hands of another trooper had

invaded, ‘ what wouldst thou do with him who wears the helmet of brass upon his head?—He is an able-bodied man, but a great covenant-breaker, and he putteth trust in the spear and in the sword.’ The maiden struggled with that earnestness with which a virgin of eighteen strives to escape from the kindness of a handsome man; and kiss succeeding kiss told what penalty she incurred in delaying to follow her mother.

“ Of the dissenting portion of the multitude, some disposed of themselves in the readiest ale-houses; where the themes of patronage, free-will, and predestination, emptied many barrels; and the clouds of mystery and doubt darkened down with the progress of the tankard. Others, of a more flexible system of morality, went to arrange, far from the tumult of tongues and opinions in which the district gauger figured, a midnight importation of choice Geneva, the rapid con-

sumption of which was hastened by the burning spark of controversy, which raged unquenchably in their throats. Many retired sullenly homeward, lamenting that a concourse of men of hostile opinions could collect, controvert, and quarrel, and then coolly separate without blows and bloodshed, cursing the monotony of human existence now, compared with the stirring times of border forays and covenant-raids. A moiety nearly of the seceding crowd remained in clumps on the village green. They were men chiefly of that glowing zeal, to whom mere charity, and the silent operations of religious feeling, seem cold and unfruitful; those pure and fortunate beings, who find nothing praise-worthy, or meriting the hope of salvation, in the actions of mere men; who discover new interpretations of scripture, and rend anew the party-coloured and patched garments of sect and schism every time they meet, when the liquor is abundant.

Their hope of the complete reform in the discipline of the parish kirk, or the creation of a new meeting-house to enjoy the eloquence of a preacher, the choice of their own wisdom, seemed now nearly blasted; and they uttered their discontent at the result, while they praised the dexterity or cunning with which they opposed the ordination of that protegè of patronage, Joel Kirkpatrick. 'The kirk session may buy a new bell-rope,' said a Cameronian weaver, 'for I cut away the tow from their tinkling brass yestreen; more by token, it now tethers my hummel cow on the unmowed side of John Allan's park—he had no business to set himself up against the will of the parish, and the word of God.' Gilbert Glass, the village glazier, found a topic of worldly consolation amid the spiritual misfortunes of the day: 'The kirk windows will cost them a fine penny to repair! some one, whom I'll not name, left not a single pane whole; and each

pane will cost the heritors a silver sixpence; that's work my way. It is an evil wind, Saunders Bazely, that blows nobody good; a profitable proverb to you.'—'All that I know of the proverb,' replied Saunders the slater, 'is, that it will be the sweet licking of a creamy finger to thee; but alake! what shall I get out of the pain of riding stride-legs over the clouted roof of the old kirk, patching a few broken slates? I have heard of many a wind blowing for one's good, but I never heard of a wind that uncovered a kirk yet.' To all this answered Micah Meen, a sectarian mason, 'Plague on't! I wish there were not a slate on its roof, or one stone of its wall above another. This old kirk, built out of the spare stones of the old abbey, is but a bastard-bairn of the old lady of Rome, and deserves no good to come on't. Look ye to the upshot of my words. Seventeen year have I been kirk-mason, and am still as poor as one of its mice.

But bide ye, let us lay our heads together, and build a brent new meeting-house. I will build the walls, and no be too hard about the siller, if I have the letting of the seats. And we will have a preacher to our own liking, one who shall not preach a word save sound doctrine, else let me never bed a stone in mortar more.'—'Eh man, but ye speak soundly,' said Charlie Goudge, the village carpenter, 'in all, save the article of kirk-seats, which, being of timber, pertain more to my calling. Howsomever, I would put a roof of red Norway fir over your heads, and erect ye such seats as no man sits in who lends his ears to a read sermon.'—'And as for us two,' said the slater and the glazier, clubbing their callings together, for the sake of making a more serious impression, 'we would counsel ye to cover your kirk with blue Lancashire slate, instead of that spongy stone from Locherbrighill, which besides, coming from a hill of witch and devil-

trysting, is fit for nought, save laying above a dead man's dwelling, who never complains of a bad roof; and farther, put none of your dull green glass in the windows, but clear pure glass, through which a half-blind body might see to expound the word.'—'And I would counsel ye to begin a subscription incontinent,' said the keeper of a neighbouring ale-house; 'and if ye will come into my home, we can commence the business with moistened throats; and,' continued mine host in an under-tone, 'I can kittle up your spirits with some rare Geneva from the bosom of my sloop the Bonnie Nelly Lawson there, where she lies cozie among Cairnhowrie birks, and the gauger never the wiser.'

"A flood of sectarians inundated the parlour of the Thistle and Hand-Hammer, and a noise, rivalling the descent of a Galloway stream down one of its wildest glens, issued ringing far and wide from the change-house. 'Subscribe!' said Gilpin

Johnstone, a farmer of Annandale descent, 'I would not give seven placks, and these are but small coins, for the fairest kirk that ever bore a roof above the walls. There's the goodman of Hoshenfoot, a full farmer, who hopes to be saved in his own way, he may subscribe. No but that I am willing to come and listen if the pew-rates be moderate.'—'Me subscribe!' said he of the Hoshenfoot, buttoning his pockets as he spoke, to fortify his resolution, 'where in the wide world, think ye, have I got gold to build into kirk-walls. Besides, I have been a follower of that ancient poetical mode of worship, preaching on the mountain side; and if ye will give me a day or two's reaping in the throng of harvest, I will lend ye the green hill of Knockhoolie to preach an hour's sound doctrine on any time; save, I should have said, when the peas are in the pod; and then deil have me if I would trust a hungry congregation

near them.' Similar evasions came from the lips of several more of the wealthy seceders; and, one by one, they dissented and dispersed: not without a severe contest with the landlord, whether they were responsible for all the liquor they had consumed, seeing it was for the spiritual welfare of the parish.

"If the entry of the minister into his ministry was stormy and troubled, ample reparation was made by the mass of the parishioners, who, after the ordination, escorted him home to the Manse, giving frequent testimony of that sedate joy and tranquil satisfaction, which the people of Scotland are remarkable for expressing. 'Reverend sir, you have had but a cold and a wintry welcome to your ministry,' said an old and substantial dame, 'and if ye will oblige me by accepting of such a hansel, I will send ye what will make a gallant house-heating.'—'And ye mauna have all the joy of giving gifts to your-

self, goodwife,' said an old man with a broad bonnet, and stooping over a staff, 'for I shall send our ain Joel Kirkpatrick such a present as no minister o' Bleeding-Heart ever received since Mirk-Monday, and all too little to atone for the din that my old and graceless tongue raised against God's gifted servant this blessed morning.'—'And talking of atonements,' interrupted an old woman, whose hands were yet unwashen from the dust which she had lately thrown on the minister, 'I have an atoning offering to make for having wickedly testified against a minister of God's kirk this morning. I shall send him a stone weight of ewe-milk cheese to-morrow.' But no one of the multitude seemed more delighted, or stood higher in general favour, than John Halberson, the wise and venerable man who had given the first check to the fiery spirit that blazed so fiercely in the morning. He walked by the minister's side,

his head uncovered, and his remaining white hairs glittering in the descending sun. His words were not many; but they were laid up in the heart, and practised in the future life of the excellent person to whom they were addressed. 'Young man and reverend, thy lot is cast in a stormy season, and in a stony land. There be days for sowing, and days for reaping, and days for gathering into the garner. Thou hast a mind gifted with natural wisdom, and stored with written knowledge; a tongue fluent and sweet in utterance, and thou hast drunk of the word at the well-head. But trust not thy gifts alone for working deliverance among the people. Thou must know each man and woman by face and by name: pass into their abodes, acquaint thyself with their feelings and their failings, and move them, and win them, to the paths of holiness, as a young man woos his bride. Thou must dandle their

young ones on thy knees, for thy MASTER loved little children, and it is a seemly thing to be beloved of babes. Should youth go astray, in the way in which youth is prone, take it gently and tenderly to task; severity maketh the kirk rancorous enemies, and persecution turneth love into deadly hate; humanity and kindness are the leading strings of the human heart. One counsel more, and I have done: take unto thee a wife. Ministers are not too good for such a sweet company as woman's, neither are they too steadfast not to fear a fall. Wed, saith the scripture, and replenish the earth; and I wish not the good, the brave, and ancient name of Kirkpatrick to pass from among us. Peace be with thee, and many days.' By following the wise counsel of his venerable parishioner, Joel Kirkpatrick became one of the most popular pastors of the Presbytery, and one of the chief luminaries of the ancient province of

Galloway. His eloquence, his kindliness of heart, and the active charity of his nature, will be proverbial in parish tradition, while eloquence, and kindness, and charity, are reverenced on earth."

THE

KING OF THE PEAK.

A DERBYSHIRE TALE.

What time the bird wakes in its bower,
He stood, and look'd on Haddon tower;
High rose it o'er the woodland height,
With portals strong, and turrets bright,
And gardens green, with swirl and sweep,
Round rush'd the Wye, both broad and deep.
Leaping and looking for the sun,
He saw the red-deer and the dun;
The warders with their weapons sheen,
The watchers with their mantles green;
The deer-hounds at their feet were flung,
The red blood at their dew-laps hung.
Adown he leap'd, and awhile he stood,
With a downcast look, and pondering mood,
Then made a step, and his bright sword drew,
And cleft a stone at a stroke in two—
So shall the heads of my foemen be,
Who seek to sunder my love from me.

Derbyshire Rhyme of Dora Vernon.

REMAINS of the ancient frank and open-hearted hospitality of old England linger yet among her vales and mountains; and

travellers are not unfrequently greeted with a patriarchal welcome, and a well-spread table, without the chilling formality of a fair-penned and prudently-worded introduction. The open bounty of hill, and wood, and vale, and sea, is poured in wholesale profusion on many of the fortunate dwellers in the country; while, on those who forsake the wonders of God for the works of man—the green land, and the glorious air, for the confusion of the city—nature sprinkles her favours with a sparing and a niggard hand. The city strives in vain to emulate the frank kindness of the country, and opens her doors, but opens them with a sad civility, and a constrained and suspicious courtesy. In the country, the door stands open, the table is spread, and the bidden guest is the way-wearied man, or the fugitive and the wanderer. He enters, he refreshes himself, he reposes, and on the morrow he renews his journey.

It happened once in a northern county, that I found myself at a farmer's fire-side, and in company which the four winds of heaven seemed to have blown together. The farmer was a joyous old man; and the evening, a wintry one, and wild with wind and snow, flew away with jest, and mirth, and tale, and song. Our entertainer had no wish that our joy should subside: for he heaped the fire till the house shone to its remotest rafter; loaded his table with rustic delicacies, and once, when a pause ensued after the chanting of one of Robin Hood's ballads, he called out, "Why stays the story, and what stops the rhyme? Have I heated my hearth, have I spread my tables, and poured forth my strong drink for the poor in fancy, and the lame in speech? Up, up; and give me a grave tale or a gay, to gladden or sadden the present moment, and lend wings to the leaden feet of evening time. Rise, I say; else may the fire that flames so high—the

table which groans with food, for which water, and air, and earth, have been sought; and the board that perfumes you with the odour of ale and mead—may the first cease to warm, and the rest to nourish ye."

"Master," said a hale and joyous personage, whose shining and gladsome looks showed sympathy and alliance with the good cheer and fervent blood of merry old England; "since thy table smokes, and thy brown ale flows more frankly for the telling of a true old tale, then a true old tale thou shalt have—shame fall me if I balk thee, as the pleasant folks say, in the dales of bonny Derby.

"Those who have never seen Haddon Hall, the ancient residence of the Vernons of Derbyshire, can have but an imperfect notion of the golden days of old England. Though now deserted and dilapidated—its halls silent—the sacred bell of its chapel mute—though its tables no longer send up the cheering smell

of roasted boars, and spitted oxen—though the music and the voice of the minstrel are silenced, and the light foot of the dancer no longer sounds on the floor—though no gentle knights and gentler dames go trooping hand in hand, and whispering among the twilight groves—and the portal no longer sends out its shining helms, and its barbed steeds;—where is the place that can recal the stately hospitality and glory of former times, like the Hall of OLD HADDON?

"It happened on a summer evening, when I was a boy, that several curious old people had seated themselves on a little round knoll near the gate of Haddon Hall; and their talk was of the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Manners, and many old names once renowned in Derbyshire. I had fastened myself to the apron-string of a venerable dame, at whose girdle hung a mighty iron key, which commanded the entrance of the hall; her name was Dolly Foljambe;

and she boasted her descent from an ancient red cross knight of that name, whose alabaster figure, in mail, may be found in Bakewell church. This high origin, which, on consulting family history, I find had not the concurrence of clergy, seemed not an idle vanity of the humble portress; she had the straight frame, and rigid, demure, and even warlike cast of face, which alabaster still retains of her ancestor; and had she laid herself by his side, she might have passed muster, with an ordinary antiquarian, for a coeval figure. At our feet the river Wye ran winding and deep; at our side rose the hall, huge and grey; and the rough heathy hills, renowned in Druidic, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman story, bounded our wish for distant prospects, and gave us the mansion of the Vernons for our contemplation, clear of all meaner encumbrances of landscape.

"'Ah! dame Foljambe,' said an old

husbandman, whose hair was whitened by acquaintance with seventy winters; 'it's a sore and a sad sight, to look at that fair tower, and see no smoke ascending. I remember it in a brighter day, when many a fair face gazed out at the windows, and many a gallant form appeared at the gate. Then were the days when the husbandman could live—could whistle as he sowed; dance and sing as he reaped; and could pay his rent in fatted oxen to my lord, and in fatted fowls to my lady. Ah! dame Foljambe, we remember when men could cast their lines in the Wye; could feast on the red deer and the fallow deer, on the plover and the ptarmigan; had right of the common for their flocks, of the flood for their nets, and of the air for their harquebuss. Ah! dame, old England is no more the old England it was, than that hall, dark, and silent, and desolate, is the proud hall that held Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak,

and his two lovely daughters, Margaret and Dora. Those were days, dame; those were days!' And as he ceased, he looked up to the tower, with an eye of sorrow, and shook and smoothed down his white hairs.

"'I tell thee,' replied the ancient portress, sorely moved in mind, between present duty and service to the noble owner of Haddon, and her lingering affection for the good old times, of which memory shapes so many paradises, 'I tell thee the tower looks as high and as lordly as ever; and there is something about its silent porch, and its crumbling turrets, which gives it a deeper hold of our affections, than if an hundred knights even now came prancing forth at its porch, with trumpets blowing, and banners displayed.'

"'Ah! dame Foljambe,' said the husbandman; 'yon deer now bounding so blithely down the old chase, with his horny head held high, and an eye that

seems to make nought of mountain and vale; it is a fair creature. Look at him! see how he cools his feet in the Wye, surveys his shadow in the stream, and now he contemplates his native hills again. So! away he goes, and we gaze after him, and admire his speed and his beauty. But were the hounds at his flanks, and the bullets in his side, and the swords of the hunters bared for the brittling; Ah! dame, we should change our cheer; we should think that such shapely limbs, and such stately antlers, might have reigned in wood and on hill for many summers. Even so we think of that stately old hall, and lament its destruction.'

"'Dame Foljambe thinks not so deeply on the matter,' said a rustic; 'she thinks, the less the hall fire, the less is the chance of the hall being consumed; the less the company, the longer will the old hall floor last, which she sweeps so clean, telling so many stories of the tree that made it;—that the seven Virtues in tapestry would

do well in avoiding wild company; and that the lass with the long shanks, Diana, and her nymphs, will hunt more to her fancy on her dusty acre of old arras, than in the dubious society of the lords and the heroes of the court gazette. Moreover, the key at her girdle is the commission by which she is keeper of this cast-off and moth-eaten garment of the noble name of Manners; and think ye that she holds that power lightly, which makes her governess of ten thousand bats and owls, and gives her the awful responsibility of an armoury, containing almost an entire harquebuss, the remains of a pair of boots, and the relique of a buff jerkin?'

"What answer to this unceremonious attack on ancient things committed to her keeping the portress might have made, I had not an opportunity to learn; her darkening brow indicated little meekness of reply; a voice, however, much sweeter than the dame's, intruded on the debate.

In the vicinity of the hall, at the foot of a limestone rock, the summer visitors of Haddon may and do refresh themselves at a small fount of pure water, which love of the clear element induced one of the old ladies to confine within the limits of a large stone basin. Virtues were imputed to the spring, and the superstition of another proprietor erected beside it a cross of stone, lately mutilated, and now removed, but once covered with sculptures and rude emblems, which conveyed religious instruction to an ignorant people. Towards this fountain, a maiden from a neighbouring cottage was observed to proceed, warbling, as she went, a fragment of one of those legendary ballads which the old minstrels, illiterate or learned, scattered so abundantly over the country.

DORA VERNON.

1.

It happen'd between March and May-day,
When wood-buds wake which slumber'd late,

When hill and valley grow green and gaily,
And every wight longs for a mate;
When lovers sleep with an open eye-lid,
Like nightingales on the orchard tree,
And sorely wish they had wings for flying,
So they might with their true love be;

2.

A knight all worthy, in this sweet season
Went out to Carcliff with bow and gun,
Not to chase the roebuck, nor shoot the pheasant,
But hunt the fierce fox so wild and dun.
And, by his side, was a young maid riding,
With laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair;
And who was it but young Dora Vernon,
Young Rutland's true love, and Haddon's heir.

3.

Her gentle hand was a good bow bearing,—
The deer at speed, or the fowl on wing,
Stay'd in their flight, when the bearded arrow
Her white hand loosed from the sounding string.
Old men made bare their locks, and blest her,
As blithe she rode down the Durwood side,
Her steed rejoiced in his lovely rider,
Arch'd his neck proudly, and pranced in pride.

"This unexpected minstrelsy was soon interrupted by dame Foljambe, whose

total devotion to the family of Rutland rendered her averse to hear the story of Dora Vernon's elopement, profaned in the familiar ballad strain of a forgotten minstrel. 'I wonder at the presumption of that rude minion,' said the offended portress, 'in chanting such ungentle strains in my ear. Home to thy milk-pails, idle hussy—home to thy distaff, foolish maiden; or if thou wilt sing, come over to my lodge when the sun is down, and I will teach thee a strain of a higher sort, made by a great court lord, on the marriage of her late Grace. It is none of your rustic chants, but full of fine words, both long and lordly; it begins,

Come, burn your incense, ye god-like graces,
Come, Cupid, dip your darts in light;
Unloose her starry zone, chaste Venus,
And trim the bride for the bridal night.

"'None of your vulgar chants, minion, I tell thee; but stuffed with spiced words, and shining with gods, and garters, and

stars, and precious stones, and odours thickly dropping; a noble strain indeed.' The maiden smiled, nodded acquiescence, and tripping homewards, renewed her homely and interrupted song, till the river bank and the ancient towers acknowledged, with their sweetest echoes, the native charms of her voice.

" ' I marvel much,' said the hoary portress, ' at the idle love for strange and incredible stories which possesses as with a demon the peasants of this district. Not only have they given a saint, with a shirt of hair cloth and a scourge, to every cavern, and a druid with his golden sickle and his mistletoe to every circle of shapeless stones; but they have made the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Cockaynes, and the Foljambes, erect on every wild place crosses or altars of atonement for crimes which they never committed; unless fighting ankle-deep in heathen blood, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre, required such outlandish

penance. They cast too a supernatural light round the commonest story; if you credit them, the ancient chapel bell of Haddon, safely lodged on the floor for a century, is carried to the top of the turret, and, touched by some invisible hand, is made to toll forth midnight notes of dolour and woe, when any misfortune is about to befal the noble family of Rutland. They tell you too that wailings of no earthly voice are heard around the decayed towers, and along the garden terraces, on the festival night of the saint who presided of old over the fortunes of the name of Vernon. And no longer agone than yesterday, old Edgar Ferrars assured me that he had nearly as good as seen the apparition of the King of the Peak himself, mounted on his visionary steed, and, with imaginary horn, and hound, and halloo, pursuing a spectre stag over the wild chase of Haddon. Nay, so far has vulgar credulity and assurance gone, that the great garden entrance,

called the Knight's porch, through which Dora Vernon descended step by step among her twenty attendant maidens, all rustling in embroidered silks, and shining and sparkling like a winter sky, in diamonds, and such like costly stones—to welcome her noble bridegroom, Lord John Manners, who came cap in hand with his company of gallant gentlemen—'

"'Nay, now, dame Foljambe,' interrupted the husbandman, 'all this is fine enough, and lordly too, I'll warrant; but thou must not apparel a plain old tale in the embroidered raiment of thy own brain, nor adorn it in the precious stones of thy own fancy. Dora Vernon was a lovely lass, and as proud as she was lovely; she bore her head high, dame; and well she might, for she was a gallant Knight's daughter; and lords and dukes, and what not, have descended from her. But, for all that, I cannot forget that she ran away in the middle of a moonlight night, with young Lord John Manners, and no other

attendant than her own sweet self. Ay, dame, and for the diamonds, and what not, which thy story showers on her locks and her garments, she tied up her berry brown locks in a menial's cap, and ran away in a mantle of Bakewell brown, three yards for a groat. Ay, dame, and instead of going out regularly by the door, she leapt out of a window; more by token she left one of her silver heeled slippers fastened in the grating, and the place has ever since been called the Lady's Leap.'

"Dame Foljambe, like an inexperienced rider, whose steed refuses obedience to voice and hand, resigned the contest in despair, and allowed her rustic companion to enter full career into the debatable land, where she had so often fought and vanquished in defence of the decorum of the mode of alliance between the houses of Haddon and Rutland.

"'And now, dame,' said the husbandman, 'I will tell thee the story in my own and my father's way. The last of

the name of Vernon was renowned far and wide for the hospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendour of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. This is speaking in thy own manner, dame Foljambe; but truth's truth. He was much given to hunting and hawking, and jousting, with lances either blunt or sharp; and though a harquebuss generally was found in the hand of the gallant hunters of that time, the year of grace 1560, Sir George Vernon despised that foreign weapon; and well he might, for he bent the strongest bow, and shot the surest shaft, of any man in England. His chase-dogs too were all of the most expert and famous kinds—his falcons had the fairest and most certain flight; and though he had seen foreign lands, he chiefly prided himself in maintaining unimpaired the old baronial grandeur of his house. I have heard my grandsire say, how his great grandsire

told him, that the like of the knight of Haddon, for a stately form, and a noble, free, and natural grace of manner, was not to be seen in court or camp. He was hailed, in common tale, and in minstrel song, by the name of the KING OF THE PEAK; and it is said, his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, good Queen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headsman's axe.

"'It happened in the fifth year of the reign of his young and sovereign mistress, that a great hunting festival was held at Haddon, where all the beauty and high blood of Derbyshire assembled. Lords of distant counties came; for to bend a bow, or brittle the deer, under the eye of Sir George Vernon, was an honour sought for by many. Over the chase of Haddon, over the hill of Stanton, over Bakewell-edge, over Chatsworth hill and Hardwicke plain, and beneath the ancient castle of Bolsover, as

far as the edge of the forest of old Sherwood, were the sounds of harquebuss and bowstring heard, and the cry of dogs and the cheering of men. The brown-mouthed and white-footed dogs of Derbyshire were there among the foremost; the snow-white hound and the coal-black, from the Scottish border and bonny Westmoreland, preserved or augmented their ancient fame; nor were the dappled hounds of old Godfrey Foljambe, of Bakewell bank, far from the throat of the red deer when they turned at bay, and gored horses and riders. The great hall floor of Haddon was soon covered with the produce of wood and wild.

"'Nor were the preparations for feasting this noble hunting party unworthy the reputation for solid hospitality which characterised the ancient King of the Peak. Minstrels had come from distant parts, as far even as the Scottish border; bold, free-spoken, rude, rough witted

men; 'for the selvage of the web,' says the northern proverb, 'is aye the coarsest cloth.' But in the larder the skill of man was chiefly employed, and a thousand rarities were prepared for pleasing the eye and appeasing the appetite. In the kitchen, with its huge chimneys and prodigious spits, the menial maidens were flooded nigh ankle deep in the richness of roasted oxen and deer; and along the passage, communicating with the hall of state, men might have slided along, because of the fat droppings of that prodigious feast, like a slider on the frozen Wye. The kitchen tables, of solid plank, groaned and yielded beneath the roasted beeves and the spitted deer; while a stream of rich smoke, massy, and slow, and savoury, sallied out at the grated windows, and sailed round the mansion, like a mist exhaled by the influence of the moon. I tell thee, dame Foljambe, I call those the golden days of old England.

"'But I wish you had seen the hall prepared for this princely feast. The floor, of hard and solid stone, was strewn deep with rushes and fern; and there lay the dogs of the chase in couples, their mouths still red with the blood of stags, and panting yet from the fervour and length of their pursuit. At the lower end of the hall, where the floor subsided a step, was spread a table for the stewards and other chiefs over the menials. There sat the keeper of the bows, the warder of the chase, and the head falconer, together with many others of lower degree, but mighty men among the retainers of the noble name of Vernon. Over their heads were hung the horns of stags, the jaws of boars, the skulls of the enormous bisons, and the foreheads of foxes. Nor were there wanting trophies, where the contest had been more bloody and obstinate—banners, and shields, and helmets, won in the Civil, and Scottish, and Crusading

wars, together with many strange weapons of annoyance or defence, borne in the Norwegian and Saxon broils. Beside them were hung rude paintings of the most renowned of these rustic heroes, all in the picturesque habiliments of the times. Horns, and harquebusses, and swords, and bows, and buff coats, and caps, were thrown in negligent groups all about the floor; while their owners sat in expectation of an immediate and ample feast, which they hoped to wash down with floods of that salutary beverage, the brown blood of barley.

" ' At the upper end of the hall, where the floor was elevated exactly as much in respect, as it was lowered in submission at the other, there the table for feasting the nobles stood; and well was it worthy of its station. It was one solid plank of white sycamore, shaped from the entire shaft of an enormous tree, and supported on squat columns of oak, ornamented with the arms of the Vernons,

and grooved into the stone floor, beyond all chance of being upset by human powers. Benches of wood, curiously carved, and covered, in times of more than ordinary ceremony, with cushions of embroidered velvet, surrounded this ample table;—while in the recess behind, appeared a curious work in arras, consisting of festivals and processions, and bridals, executed from the ancient poets; and for the more staid and grave, a more devout hand had wrought some scenes from the controversial fathers and the monkish legends of the ancient church. The former employed the white hands of Dora Vernon herself; while the latter were the labours of her sister Margaret, who was of a serious turn, and never happened to be so far in love as to leap from a window.'

"'And now,' said dame Foljambe, 'I will describe the Knight of Haddon, with his fair daughters and principal guests, myself.' 'A task that will last

thee to doomsday, dame,' muttered the husbandman. The portress heeded not this ejaculation, but with a particular stateliness of delivery proceeded. 'The silver dinner bell rung on the summit of Haddon hall, the warder thrice wound his horn, and straightway the sound of silver spurs was heard in the passage, the folding door opened, and in marched my own ancestor, Ferrars Foljambe by name. I have heard his dress too often described not to remember it. A buff jerkin, with slashed and ornamented sleeves, a mantle of fine Lincoln green, fastened round his neck with wolf-claws of pure gold, a pair of gilt spurs on the heels of his brown hunting-boots, garnished above with taslets of silver, and at the square and turned-up toes, with links of the same metal connected with the taslets. On his head was a boar-skin cap, on which the white teeth of the boar were set tipt with gold. At his side, was a hunting horn, called the white hunting

horn of Tutbury, banded with silver in the middle, belted with black silk at the ends, set with buckles of silver, and bearing the arms of Edmund, the warlike brother of Edward Longshanks. This fair horn descended by marriage to Stanhope, of Elvaston, who sold it to Foxlowe, of Staveley. The gift of a king and the property of heroes was sold for some paltry pieces of gold.'

" ' Dame Foljambe,' said the old man, ' the march of thy tale is like the course of the Wye, seventeen miles of links and windings down a fair valley five miles long. A man might carve thy ancestor's figure in alabaster in the time thou describest him. I must resume my story, dame; so let thy description of old Ferrars Foljambe stand; and suppose the table filled about with the gallants of the chase and many fair ladies, while at the head sat the King of the Peak himself, his beard descending to his broad girdle, his own natural hair of dark brown—

blessings on the head that keeps God's own covering on it, and scorns the curled inventions of man—falling in thick masses on his broad, manly shoulders. Nor silver, nor gold, wore he; the natural nobleness of his looks maintained his rank and pre-eminence among men; the step of Sir George Vernon was one that many imitated, but few could attain—at once manly and graceful. I have heard it said, that he carried privately in his bosom a small rosary of precious metal, in which his favourite daughter Dora had entwined one of her mother's tresses. The ewer-bearers entered with silver basins full of water; the element came pure and returned red; for the hands of the guests were stained with the blood of the chase. The attendant minstrels vowed, that no hands so shapely, nor fingers so taper, and long, and white, and round, as those of the Knight of Haddon, were that day dipped in water.

" ' There is wondrous little pleasure in describing a feast of which we have not partaken; so pass we on to the time when the fair dames retired, and the red wine in cups of gold, and the ale in silver flagons, shone and sparkled as they passed from hand to lip beneath the blaze of seven massy lamps. The knights toasted their mistresses, the retainers told their exploits, and the minstrels with harp and tongue made music and song abound. The gentles struck their drinking vessels on the table till they rang again; the menials stamped with the heels of their ponderous boots on the solid floor; while the hounds, imagining they heard the call to the chase, leaped up, and bayed in hoarse but appropriate chorus.

" ' The ladies now re-appeared, in the side galleries, and overlooked the scene of festivity below. The loveliest of many counties were there; but the fairest was a young maid of middle size, in a dress disencumbered of ornament, and pos-

sessed of one of those free and graceful forms which may be met with in other counties, but for which our own Derbyshire alone is famous. Those who admired the grace of her person were no less charmed with her simplicity and natural meekness of deportment. Nature did much for her, and art strove in vain to rival her with others; while health, that handmaid of beauty, supplied her eye and her cheek with the purest light and the freshest roses. Her short and rosy upper-lip was slightly curled, with as much of maiden sanctity, perhaps, as pride; her white high forehead was shaded with locks of sunny brown, while her large and dark hazel eyes beamed with free and unaffected modesty. Those who observed her close, might see her eyes, as she glanced about, sparkling for a moment with other lights, but scarce less holy, than those of devotion and awe. Of all the knights present, it was impossible to say, who inspired her with those

love-fits of flushing joy and delicious agitation; each hoped himself the happy person; for none could look on Dora Vernon without awe and love. She leaned her white bosom, shining through the veil which shaded it, near one of the minstrel's harps; and looking round on the presence, her eyes grew brighter as she looked; at least, so vowed the knights, and so sang the minstrels.

"'All the knights arose when Dora Vernon appeared. 'Fill all your wine-cups, knights,' said Sir Lucas Peverel. 'Fill them to the brim,' said Sir Henry Avenel. 'And drain them out, were they deeper than the Wye,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon. 'To the health of the Princess of the Peak,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish. 'To the health of Dora Vernon,' said Sir Hugh de Wodensley; 'beauty is above titles, she is the loveliest maiden a knight ever looked on, with the sweetest name too.' 'And yet, Sir Knight,' said Peverel, filling his cup,

'I know one who thinks so humbly of the fair name of Vernon, as to wish it charmed into that of De Wodensley.' 'He is not master of a spell so profound,' said Avenel. 'And yet he is master of his sword,' answered De Wodensley, with a darkening brow. 'I counsel him to keep it in its sheath,' said Cavendish, 'lest it prove a wayward servant.' 'I will prove its service on thy bosom where and when thou wilt, Lord of Chatsworth,' said De Wodensley. 'Lord of Darley,' answered Cavendish, 'it is a tempting moonlight, but there is a charm over Haddon to-night it would be unseemly to dispel. To-morrow, I meet Lord John Manners to try whose hawk has the fairer flight, and whose love the whiter hand. That can be soon seen; for who has so fair a hand as the love of young Rutland? I shall be found by Durwood-Tor when the sun is three hours up, with my sword drawn—there's my hand on't, De Wodensley;' and he

wrung the knight's hand till the blood seemed starting from beneath his finger nails.

"'By the saints, Sir Knights,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon, 'you may as well beard one another about the love of 'some bright particular star and think to wed it,' as the wild wizard of Warwick says, as quarrel about this unattainable love. Hearken, minstrels: while we drain our cups to this beauteous lass, sing some of you a kindly love strain, wondrously mirthful and melancholy. Here's a cup of Rhenish, and a good gold Harry in the bottom on't, for the minstrel who pleases me.' The minstrels laid their hands on the strings, and a sound was heard like the swarming of bees before summer thunder. 'Sir Knight,' said one, 'I will sing ye, Cannie Johnie Armstrong with all the seventeen variations.' 'He was hanged for cattle stealing,' answered the knight: 'I'll have none of him.' 'What say you to Dick

of the Cow, or the Harper of Lochmaben?' said another, with something of a tone of diffidence: 'What! you northern knaves, can you sing of nothing but thievery and jail-breaking?' 'Perhaps your knightship,' humbly suggested a third, 'may have a turn for the supernatural, and I'm thinking the Fairy Legend of young Tamlane is just the thing that suits your fancy.' 'I like the naïveté of the young lady very much,' answered the knight, 'but the fair dames of Derbyshire prize the charms of lovers with flesh and blood, before the gayest Elfin-knight that ever ran a course from Carlisle to Caerlaverock.'—'What would your worship say to William of Cloudesley?' said a Cumberland minstrel, 'or to the Friar of Orders Grey?' said a harper from the halls of the Percys.

"'Minstrels,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish, 'the invention of sweet and gentle poesy is dead among you. Every churl

in the Peak can chant us these beautiful but common ditties. Have you nothing new for the honour of the sacred calling of verse, and the beauty of Dora Vernon? Fellow—harper,—what's your name? you with the long hair and the green mantle,' said the knight, beckoning to a young minstrel who sat with his harp held before him, and his face half buried in his mantle's fold: 'come, touch your strings and sing; I'll wager my gold-hilted sword against that pheasant feather in thy cap, that thou hast a new and a gallant strain; for I have seen thee measure more than once the form of fair Dora Vernon with a ballad-maker's eye. —Sing, man, sing.'

"'The young minstrel, as he bowed his head to this singular mode of request, blushed from brow to bosom; nor were the face and neck of Dora Vernon without an acknowledgment of how deeply she sympathised in his embarrassment.

A finer instrument, a truer hand, or a more sweet and manly voice, hardly ever united to lend grace to rhyme.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

1.

Last night a proud page came to me;
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free;
The moon is up at midnight hour,
All mute and lonely is the bower:
To rouse the deer my lord is gone,
And his fair daughter's all alone,
As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

2.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,
With love and joy blush'd deeply red:
Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss;
And one of those long looks, which earth
With all its glory is not worth.

3.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by;

Life, fly thou on; I 'll mind that hour
Of sacred love in greenwood bower;
Let seas between us swell and sound,
Still at her name my heart shall bound;
Her name—which like a spell I 'll keep,
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

" ' Fellow,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish, ' thou hast not shamed my belief of thy skill; keep that piece of gold, and drink thy cup of wine in quiet, to the health of the lass who inspired thy strain, be she lordly, or be she low.' The minstrel seated himself, and the interrupted mirth recommenced, which was not long to continue. When the minstrel began to sing, the King of the Peak fixed his large and searching eyes on his person, with a scrutiny from which nothing could escape, and which called a flush of apprehension to the face of his daughter Dora. Something like a cloud came upon his brow at the first verse, which, darkening down through the second, became as dark as a December night at the

close of the third, when rising, and motioning Sir Ralph Cavendish to follow, he retired into the recess of the southern window.

"'Sir Knight,' said the lord of Haddon, 'thou art the sworn friend of John Manners, and well thou knowest what his presumption dares at, and what are the letts between him and me. *Cavendo tutus!* ponder on thy own motto well.—'Let seas between us swell and sound:'—let his song be prophetic, for Derbyshire,—for England has no river deep enough and broad enough to preserve him from a father's sword, whose peace he seeks to wound.' 'Knight of Haddon,' said Sir Ralph, 'John Manners is indeed my friend; and the friend of a Cavendish can be no mean person; a braver and a better spirit never aspired after beauty.' 'Sir Knight,' said the King of the Peak, 'I court no man's counsel; hearken to my words. Look at the moon's shadow on Haddon-dial;

there it is beside the casement; the shadow falls short of twelve. If it darkens the midnight hour, and John Manners be found here, he shall be cast fettered, neck and heel, into the deepest dungeon of Haddon.'

" ' All this passed not unobserved of Dora Vernon, whose fears and affections divined immediate mischief from the calm speech and darkened brow of her father. Her heart sank within her when he beckoned her to withdraw; she followed him into the great tapestried room. ' My daughter,—my love Dora,' said the not idle fears of a father, ' wine has done more than its usual good office with the wits of our guests to-night; they look on thee with bolder eyes, and speak of thee with a bolder tongue, than a father can wish. Retire, therefore, to thy chamber. One of thy wisest attendants shall be thy companion.—Adieu, my love, till sun-rise!' He kissed her white temples and white brow; and Dora clung

to his neck, and sobbed in his bosom ;— while the secret of her heart rose near her lips. He returned to his guests, and mirth and music, and the march of the wine-cup, recommenced with a vigour which promised reparation for the late intermission.

" ' The chamber, or rather temporary prison, of Dora Vernon, was nigh the cross-bow room, and had a window which looked out on the terraced garden, and the extensive chase towards the hill of Haddon. All that side of the hall lay in deep shadow, and the moon, sunk to the very summit of the western heath, threw a level and a farewell beam over river and tower. The young lady of Haddon seated herself in the recessed window, and lent her ear to every sound, and her eye to every shadow that flitted over the garden and chase. Her attendant maiden—shrewd, demure, and suspicious,—of the ripe age of thirty—yet of a merry pleasant look, which had its ad-

mirers—sat watching every motion with the eye of an owl.

"'It was past midnight, when a foot came gliding along the passage, and a finger gave three slight scratches on the door of the chamber. The maid went out, and after a brief conference suddenly returned, red with blushes from ear to ear. 'Oh, my lady!' said the trusty maiden,—'oh, my sweet young lady,—here's that poor young lad—ye know his name—who gave me three yards of crimson ribbon, to trim my peach-bloom mantle, last Bakewell fair. —An honester or a kinder heart never kept a promise; and yet I may not give him the meeting. Oh, my young lady, my sweet young lady, my beautiful young lady, could you not stay here for half an hour by yourself?' Ere her young mistress could answer, the notice of the lover's presence was renewed.—The maiden again went—whispers were heard —and the audible salutation of lips; she

returned again more resolute than ever to oblige her lover.—' Oh, my lady—my young lady; if ye ever hope to prosper in true love yourself—spare me but one half hour with this harmless kind lad.—He has come seven long miles to see my fair face, he says;—and, oh, my lady, he has a handsome face of his own.—Oh, never let it be said that Dora Vernon sundered true lovers!—but I see consent written in your own lovely face—so I will run—and, oh, my lady, take care of your own sweet handsome self, when your faithful Nan's away.' And the maiden retired with her lover.

" ' It was half an hour after midnight, when one of the keepers of the chase, as he lay beneath a holly bush listening, with a prolonged groan, to the audible voice of revelry in the hall, from which his duty had lately excluded him, happened to observe two forms approaching; one of low stature, a light step, and muffled in a common mantle;—the other

with the air, and in the dress, of a forester—a sword at his side, and pistols in his belt. The ale and the wine had invaded the keeper's brain, and impaired his sight; yet he roused himself up with a hiccup and a 'hilloah,' and 'where go ye, my masters?'—The lesser form whispered to the other—who immediately said, 'Jasper Jugg, is this you? Heaven be praised I have found you so soon;—here's that north country pedlar, with his beads and blue ribbon—he has come and whistled out pretty Nan Malkin, the lady's favourite, and the lord's trusty maid.—I left them under the terrace, and came to tell you.'

"'The enraged keeper scarce heard this account of the faithlessness of his love to an end,—he started off with the swiftness of one of the deer which he watched, making the boughs crash, as he forced his way through bush and glade direct for the hall, vowing desertion to the girl, and destruction to the pedlar.

'Let us hasten our steps, my love,' said the lesser figure, in a sweet voice; and unmantling as she spoke, turned back to the towers of Haddon the fairest face that ever left them—the face of Dora Vernon herself. 'My men and my horses are nigh, my love,' said the taller figure; and taking a silver call from his pocket, he imitated the sharp shrill cry of the plover; then turning round, he stood and gazed towards Haddon, scarcely darkened by the setting of the moon, for the festal lights flashed from turret and casement, and the sound of mirth and revelry rang with augmenting din. 'Ah, fair and stately Haddon,' said Lord John Manners, 'little dost thou know, thou hast lost thy jewel from thy brow—else thy lights would be dimmed, thy mirth would turn to wailing, and swords would be flashing from thy portals in all the haste of hot pursuit. Farewell, for a while, fair tower, farewell for a while.—I shall return, and bless the time I harped

among thy menials and sang of my love —and charmed her out of thy little chamber window.' Several armed men now came suddenly down from the hill of Haddon, horses richly caparisoned were brought from among the trees of the chase, and the ancestors of the present family of Rutland sought shelter, for a time, in a distant land, from the wrath of the King of the Peak.'"

THE

MOTHER'S DREAM.

She slept—and there was vision'd to her eye
A stately mountain, green it seem'd, and high;
She sought to climb it—lo! a river dark
Roll'd at its foot; there came a gallant bark,
And in the bark were forms the eldest fiend
Had shaped to mock God's image; fierce they lean'd
O'er the ship's side, and, seizing her, rush'd through
The river wave, which kindled as they flew.
Then to the bank came one and laugh'd aloud;
Bright robes he wore, stern was his look and proud,
He stretch'd his arm, and hail'd her for his bride;
The shuddering waters wash'd his robe aside,
And show'd a shape the fiend's tormenting flame
Had sorely vex'd; she shriek'd, and faintness came.
Then shouts she heard, and sound of gladsome song,
And saw a stream of torches flash along.
The feast was spread, the bridal couch prepared,
Dread forms stood round, with naked swords to guard;
Nor look'd she long; one whisper'd in her ear,
Come, climb thy bed; for lo! the bridegroom's near.
She cried to heaven—at once the wedding joy
Was changed to war shout and to funeral cry;
Swords in the air, as sunshine, flash'd and fell,
Then rose all crimson'd; loud came groan and yell,
And from the middle tumult started out
A form that seiz'd her—blow, and shriek, and shout
Came thick behind; down to the Solway flood
Fast was she borne, it seem'd a sea of blood;
She felt it touch her knees, and with a scream
She started back, and waken'd from her dream.

Legend of Lady Beatrice.

WERE the Mother's Dream a traditionary fiction, and its predictions unfulfilled,

gladness would be diffused around many hearths, and the tears wiped away from many matrons' cheeks. It was related to me by a Dumfrieshire lady: her voice was slow and gentle, and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech. Under the shade of a long veil she sought to conceal a face, where early grief had bleached the roses, and impressed a sedate and settled sorrow on a brow particularly white and high. But her eye still retained something of the light of early life, which darkened or brightened as the joys, the sufferings, or the sorrows of wedded and maternal love gave a deeper interest or passion to her story.

"When woman is young," said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, "she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men; when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walks in more lonely places,

and, seeking converse with her spirit, shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their sides; shepherds sat on their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so light along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

"This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high, and the waters

of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of this causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fire-side traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady's voice is heard, and a lady's form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewed with dead or dying men. She sees her father,

her brother, fall in her defence; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said, a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning, the castle of the Ladye's Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the cope-stone.

"They who attach credence to this wild legend are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter's ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls

of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced; while those who connect tales of wonder with every remarkable place, say, that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the bosom of the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loop-hole and turret, while on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede, by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye's Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher's net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and

say, ' The Ladye's Lowe will have its yearly victim ;' and its yearly victim, tradition tells us, it has ever had since the sinking of the tower.

" I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous line of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and on going nearer, I saw it was a man; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side, to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry; and presently he started

up, and, seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man; the remains of health and beauty were still about him; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting up water in his palms, scattered it in the air; then dipping both hands again, showered the water about his locks like rain. He continued, during this singular employment, to chant some strange and broken words with a wild tone and a faltering tongue.

SONG OF BENJIE SPEDLANDS.

1.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;
Misery to them who dip their hands in thee!
May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,
The fish leap no more in thy waves;
May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,
And the lightning scorch thee up;
May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,
And the white swan fly from thy floods!

2.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;
The babe unborn shall never bless thee;
May the flocks that taste of thee perish;
May the man who bathes in thy flood
Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,
And go childless down to the grave,
As I curse thee with my delirious tongue.
I will mar thee with my unhappy hands!

3.

As this water, cast on the passing wind,
Shall return to thy bosom no more,
So shall the light of morning forsake thee,
And night-darkness devour thee up.
As that pebble descends into thy deeps,
And that feather floats on thy waves,

So shall the good and the holy curse thee,
And the madman mar thee with dust.

4.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,
For the sake of those thou hast slain;
For the father who mourn'd for his son,
For the mother who wail'd for her child.
I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,
And a mother mourning by thy waters;
I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,
And weep for her fair-hair'd son!

"The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse, the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake; and, gathering up the dust among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands, and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

" A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come; and when I went to the kirking, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again, he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came

thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys.

"Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for awhile; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed

aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and unruffled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

" ' See him, see him,' said she to me; ' his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of Heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as was his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening.' I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. ' It is a strange and a mournfull story,' she answered, ' but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as gladsome as the light of day;

but for these eight long years I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"'It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down-spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad, and praised HIM who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed

him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

" ' I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside me; but, though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, arising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker till it filled all the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's

Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld shapes of men, and heard voices more shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and, lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of WOES to the sons and daughters of men; carry these SORROWS abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and

said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; and, as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the shadow say, 'Woman, what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"'I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—'the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name;' do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld him no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"'And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful, and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowantree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have

dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it?' And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say: I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy Bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit, by all the salvation contained between the boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.'

", And while this woman spake, there came another woman, the wife of one who had sailed to a distant land, and had left her with two sweet children, and the name of the one was Samuel, and the name of the other John. Now John was a fair and comely child, the image of her husband, but he was not his mother's joy, for she loved Samuel, who bore the image of one she had loved in her youth; and this made her husband sorrowful, and caused him to sail to a far country. And when she came in, she said, 'So ye have dreamed a bad dream, and ye have sought this ill woman of the Rowantree-burn to give the interpretation thereof; if evil is threatened, evil is the way you seek to avert it. Now listen unto me; 'the wind bloweth as it listeth;' the ways of God will not be changed by the wisdom of man; providence may seek thy child for a saint; see that ye cast him not to the fiends by dealing with unholy charms and spells, and with graceless hags. I

have two fair children ; one of them is his father's love, the other is mine ; say, saw ye not the name of John written on one of those visionary coffins? for I hope my Samuel will long be the grace of the green earth before he goes to the dowie mools.' And the eyes of the woman of the Rowan-tree-burn flashed with anger, and she said, 'Harken to the words of this shameless woman; she seeks the destruction of the child of wedlock, and wishes life to the child of wantonness and sin. Lo! I say, hearken unto her. But the evil of her ways shall be to her as sadness, and what has given her joy shall be to the world a hissing and a scorn ; to her a scourge, and a curse. She will lose the sweet youth John, even as she wishes, but long and full of evil shall be the life of the child she loves.' And upon this, these two foolish women reproached each other with works of sin and with deeds of darkness; and waxing wroth with their words, they tore each other's raiment and hair,

and smote and bruised one another, and the clamour of their tongues increased exceedingly.

" ' Now, in the midst of all this folly, there came to my fireside a man cunning in the culture of corn, and versed in the cure of those evils which afflict dumb creatures. And when he saw the strife between the woman of the Rowantree-burn and the mariner's wife, he laughed aloud in the fulness of his joy. ' Strong may the strife be, and long may it continue,' said he, ' for pleasant is the feud between the raven and the hooded-crow, and the small birds sing when the hawks of heaven fight. That woman has destroyed the firstlings of the flock, has dried up the udders to the sucking lambs, and lessened the riches of men who live by sweet cheese and fattened herds. She hath also cast her spells over the deep waters of Annan and Ae ; the fish have fled, and the nets of the fishermen are dipped in vain. The fowls of heaven too

have felt the cunning of her hand; the wild swans have left the Lady's Lowe, the wild geese have fled from the royal lakes of Lochmaben; and the black-cock and the ptarmigan come no more to the snare of the fowler. Let her therefore scream and weep under the strong hand and sharp nails of her bitter enemy. And for the other woman, even she whose husband lives on the deep waters, and to whom she bears children in the image of other men, let her, I say, suffer from the fingers of witchcraft: pleasant is the strife between workers of wickedness; and woe to the wit, and sorrow to the hand, that seeks to sunder them. Now, touching this singular dream of thine, I have a word to say, and it is this; believe it not, it is the work of the grand architect of human misery, who seeks to draw people to sin in the dreams and shadows of the night. To men whose hearts are warm, and whose blood is young, he descends in soft and voluptuous visions. I

have myself beheld a maiden with a languishing look and an eye blue and ensnaring, standing at my bed-side, clothed out in a midnight dream with the shadowy beauty of a sleeping imagination; and this appeared too on that very night when my inward gifts and graces had raised me from an humble sower of seed-corn to become an elder of our godly kirk; praise be blest, and may the deed be lauded of men. But it is not alone to the staid and the devout that the enemy appears in dreams; he presents the soldier with imaginary fields of peril and blood, and blesses his ear with the yell and the outcry of battle, and the trumpet sound. To the maiden, he comes in gallant shapes and costly raiment, with becks and bows, and feet which pace gracefully over the floor to the sound of the flute and dulcimer, and all manner of music. To the sleeping eye of a mother he digs a deep pit for the babe of her bosom, and lays the child that sucks her breast by the

side of a fathomless stream. He shows her shrouds, and empty coffins; figures stretched in white linen, and kirk-yard processions, and raises in her ear the wail of the matrons and the lyke-wake song. Heed not dreams therefore; they are the delusions of him who seeks to sink our souls. But bless thy God, and cherish thy child; keep his feet from the evil path, and his hand from the evil thing, and his tongue from uttering foolishness; and the boy shall become a stripling, and the stripling a man, wise in all his ways, and renowned in his generation, and thou shalt rejoice with abundance of joy.'

" 'While this devout person cheered my heart with his counsel, he was not unheard of those two foolish women; they liked not the wisdom of his words, nor his sayings concerning themselves, and they began with a fierce and sudden outcry. 'A pretty elder indeed,' said the woman of the Rowantree-burn, 'to come here in the shades and darkness of night

to expound dreams to a rosie young widow. I'll warrant he would not care if the man-child were at the bottom of the Ladye's Lowe, so long as a full farm, a well plenished house, and a loving dame in lily-white linen were to the fore. I wish I were a real witch for his sake, he should dree a kittle cast.' The words of the mariner's wife chimed in with those of her antagonist. 'A pretty elder, truly,' said she, smiting her hands together close to his nose, 'he'll come here to talk of sinful dreams, and flutes and dulcimers, and shaking of wanton legs, and the smiling of ensnaring eyes. And yet should the bairn of a poor body have a fairer look than ane's ain husband, he will threaten us with kirk censure and session rebuke, though it's weel kenned that mothers cannot command the complexion of their babes, nor controul the time when it pleases Providence to send them weeping into the world. There was my ain son Samuel; his father had sailed

but ten months and a day when the sweet wean came; where was the marvel of that? If there was not an indulgence, and acts of wondrous bounty and kindness, and blessings in the shape of babes showered upon mariners, sorrowful would their lives be, dwelling so far from their wives in the deep wide waters.'

"'Woman, woman,' said the elder, 'I came not hither to hearken to thy confession; go home and repent, and leave me to admonish the owner of this house, touching the dream with which her spirit is sorely troubled.' 'Admonish!' said the mariner's spouse, 'I dare ye, sir, to use that word of scorn and kirk scandal to the widow of as douce a man as ever stept in a black-leather shoe—admonish, indeed! If ye are so full of the gracious spirit of counsel and admonition, wherefore have ye not come to cheer me in my lonesome home, where all I have is two bairns to keep sadness from my fireside? My

husband is sailing on the great deep, and has not blest my sight these three long years; mickle need have I of some one to soothe my widow-like lot; I could find ye something like scripture warrant for such kindness which ye wot not of.' And the woman went her ways; the man tarried but a little while; and the woman of the Rowantree-burn departed also, admonishing me to remember her words, and do as she had desired.

" 'It was on the third evening after I dreamed my dream, that I thought on the woman's words; and I debated with myself, if such seekings after future events by means of charms and spells were wise, and according to the word. But old beliefs, and legendary stories, and the assurances of many wise and venerable people, have ever proved too hard for the cunning of wisdom and the pure light of the gospel; and I thought on my grandmother, to whom the person of my grandfather, then in a remote

land, was shown in a vision one hallow-mass-eve, and so I went my ways. It was near midnight when I reached the Ladye's Lowe, and, seating myself on the place where I now sit, I looked sadly to the heaven, and sorrowfully to the waters. The moon had arisen with her horns half filled; the stars had gathered around her; the sheep lay white and clustering on the hill sides; the wild swans sailed in pairs along the quiet bosom of the lake; and the only sound I heard was that of the mother-duck, as she led her swarm of yellow young ones to graze on the tender herbage on the margin of the lake. I had wetted, as the woman bade me, the under garment of my child, and hung it forth to dry on a little bush of broom, and there I sat watching it and ruminating on my lot, on the sorrows and joys of a mother. Midnight came; the lake lay still and beautiful; the wind was heard by fits among the bushes, and gushed gently

over the bosom of the water with a sweet and a lulling sound. I looked and thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling undulation of the water, which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brook, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling-stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me, a child no more, but a stripling tall and

fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl

sheltering themselves among the reeds; and, stiff with cold, and with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"'Years passed on, my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child; and I said, in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well as I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children

of others: wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and so prudent a mother.

"'It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December; the winter had been open and green; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned: ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Ladye's Lowe which few people were willing to break; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked

on it as a place of evil omen where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and froward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions—traditionary legends as the labour of credulous men; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish; and not a few among the sedater sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and to play their game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks of the lake to behold the contest; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling-stones, as I sat at my

hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands.'

"The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking stedfastly in her face, for a moment, said, 'Rachel, dost thou know me?' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. 'Know me! ay, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me; and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field

—it returns, and I fly from the face of man; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' 'Young man,' she said, 'I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' 'Repentance!' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start—'of what have I to repent? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others; and such mishap was mine. Hearken, and ye shall judge.'

"And he sat down by the side of the lake; and taking up eight smooth stones

in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water; then turning round to us, he said: 'Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said: 'Oh! Benjie, save me—save me;' but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep, the fathomless water; and, far below, I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed yearly to perish in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, 'Oh! Benjie, save me, save me!' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the

drowned castle; but the fears for my own life were too strong; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and, escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

" Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, and stretched forth her hands over him, and, with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse and to confound him. ' Oh! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, ' were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust aneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handy

works; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no brother to feel for a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had

spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou!' From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

"Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned by the old, and loathed

by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top, which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning. One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy —the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and

the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound—about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of —his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe."

ALLAN-A-MAUT.

1.

Good Allan-a-Maut lay on the rigg,
One call'd him bear, one call'd him bigg;
An old dame slipp'd on her glasses: "Aha!
He'll waken," quoth she, "with joy to us a'."
The sun shone out, down dropp'd the rain,
He laugh'd as he came to life again;
And carles and carlins sung who saw't,
Good luck to your rising Allan-a-Maut.

2.

Good Allan-a-Maut grew green and rank,
With a golden beard and a shapely shank,
And rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark.
He whomelt the maid, and coupit the clark;
The sick and lame leap'd hale and weel,
The faint of heart grew firm as steel,
The douce nae mair call'd mirth a faut,
Such charms are mine, quoth Allan-a-Maut.

The person who chanted this famous border bousing-rhyme was a tall young man, whose shaggy great coat, brass-headed riding whip, and long sharp spurs projecting from behind his massy and

iron-heeled boots, might denote him to be a dealer in horses, accoutred for Rosley-hill or Dumfries fairs. But his inner coat, lined with silk, and studded with silver buttons, a small gold chain round his neck, from which depended a heart of rock crystal, enclosing a tress of nut-brown hair, and half concealed among ruffles of the finest cambric, edged with rich lace, might belong to an opulent and fantastic youth fond of finery, proud of a handsome person, and vain of his influence among the border maidens.

His singular song, and remarkable dress, attracted instant attention. His character was thus hit off by a demure old dame in a whisper to me, during the applause which followed his song. "He's a frank and a conceited youth, Sir; the owner of a fair estate, and well known among the merry maids of Cumberland and Dumfriesshire at fairs and dancings, when his patrimony is showered down among the gay and the cherry-lipped,

in the shape of snoods, and ribbons, and gloves. Nor will ye hinder him to reign the chief of chaps in the change-house, when the tale and the strong drink circulate together: who like Lacie Dacre, I should be glad to know, for chanting bousing-ballads, and telling merry adventures? He's the wildest of all our border spirits, and his exploits with the brandy-cup and the ale-flagon have obtained him the name of Allan-a-Maut; a scrap of an old-world song, Sir, with which young Spend-pelf ever commences and concludes his merriment. I have said my worst of the lad—I believe he's a kind-hearted chield, and as true to his word as the cup is to his lip. And now listen to his story, for I'll warrant it a queer one." And as she concluded, he commenced.

"That song," said the youth, "rude and uncouth though it seems, pitches, as a musician would say, the natural tone or key of the tale I have to tell; it

was far from unwise in me to sing it; and so with this explanation I will proceed. It happened some summers ago, as I was returning, during the grey of the morning, from a love tryste in a green glen on the banks of Annan water, I fell into a kind of reverie; and what should the subject of it be, but the many attachments my heart had formed among the maidens, and the very limited requital the law allows one to make to so many sweet and gentle creatures. My spirit was greatly perturbed, as ye may guess, with this sorrowful subject; and a thick mist, which the coming sun seemed unable to dispel, aided me in totally mistaking my way; and I could not well mistake it further, for I found myself in a region with which I had formed no previous acquaintance: I had wandered into a brown and desolate heath, the mist rolled away in heavy wreaths before me, and followed close on my heels, with the diligence of an evil spirit.

" All hill and woodland mark, our usual country guides, were obscured, and I strayed on till I came to the banks of a moorland brook, stained by the soil through which it passed, till it flowed the colour of the brownest brandy. The tenants of this desert stream partook of the congenial nature of the region—they were not of that swift and silver-speckled sort described by the pastoral verse-makers, but of a dull and dark mottled kind, and so lean and haggard as to be wholly unworthy of a fisher's bait. I caught one under the mossy bank, and returned it again to the stream as unfit for food. I saw no living thing in my course across this desert; the heron, that beautiful and solitary bird, rejected it for a haunt; and even the wild moor-fowl, which in the fowler's proverb feeds on the heather top, sought neither food nor shelter amid the brown and dreary wilderness.

" I came at last to a thick and gloomy

plantation of Scotch firs, which, varying the bleak desolation of the moor, gave me the assurance that some thirty years before, the hand of man had been busied in the region. A fence of loose stone, surmounted by a rude cope or cornice of rough sharp rock, presented an effectual barrier to sheep and even deer. The latter animals will over-leap a high wall of firm masonry, but turn back from a very slender impediment which threatens insecure footing.

"The soil had in many places proved ungenial to Scotch firs, the hardiest of all forest trees; they grew in dwarfish and stunted clumps, and exceeded not the altitude of ordinary shrubs. In passing along the side of the fence, I came to a hollow, where the masses of high green bracken betokened a richer soil. Here the trees, striking deep into the mossy loam, towered up into a beautiful and extensive grove, relieved in their gloomy appearance by the wild cherry

and mountain ash, at that time covered with bloom. Behind me, the moor spread out high and uneven, full of quagmires and pits, out of which the peasants of Annan-vale cut peats for fuel.

"I observed, winding through the field of bracken, a kind of trodden way, resembling a hare-road, which, passing over the fence, by the removal of the cope-stone, dived directly into the bosom of the wood. The path too seemed marked with men's feet; and with the hope of its leading me to some human abode I entered the plantation. The wood, fair and open at first, became thick and difficult; the road too grew sinuous and perplexing; and I was compelled to pull aside the thick masses of boughs, and, gliding gently into the aperture, make the best of my way by sleight and stratagem.

"I had proceeded in this way nearly half a mile, when I came to the foot of one of those vast rocks which tower up

so abrupt and unexpectedly on many of the Scottish heaths. It seemed a pile of prodigious stones huddled rudely together in the careless haste of creation, rather than a regular rock. Deep chasms, and openings resembling caves, were visible in many places, shagged round the entrance with heath-berry; and where the plant that bears this delicious fruit failed to grow, the hardier ivy took root, and with little nourishment shot up into small round masses, called fairy-seats by the peasantry. At the foot of the precipice, some hundreds of high and shivered stones stood on end, like a Druidic grove, but in seven-fold confusion, and here and there a fir inserted in the cliffs of the rock struggled for life; while the ivy, shooting its stems to the summit of the crag, shook down a profusion of green tendrils, and crawled along the ground again, till the mossy soil, which bubbled up water at every step, arrested the march of the beautiful evergreen.

Around the crag, a circle of spruce firs was planted; while high over the whole the rock rose savage and grey, and gave the eagles, which not infrequently visited its summit, a view over some of the fairest pasture lands in Annandale.

"The desolation of the place was heightened by the absence of living water—the voice of the brook, which lends the tongue of life to many a dreary place. A little puddle of brown moorish water supplied the place of a fountain; around its margin the bones of hares and fowls were strewn; while in a recess in the rock the fox had sought a lair, and heaped it high with wool and feathers. But the proverbial lord of craft and cunning had for some time forsaken this once favourite abode; the presence of man had intruded on his wild domain, and driven him to the neighbouring mountains.

"I climbed to the summit of the rock, and gazed down the vale of Annan as

far as the sea of Solway, and westward as far as the green hills of Nithsdale. To enable me more pleasantly to enjoy the beauty of a scene which Turner, or Callcott, or Dewint, would love to consecrate, I proceeded to discuss the merits of some ewe-milk cheese, made for me by the lily-white hand of Jessie Johnstone, of Snipeflosh; and the gift of the maiden began to vanish before the sharp-set perseverance of youth. The sun too, dispelling the fog, gleamed over the green heads of the groves in all his summer glory, and I proceeded to examine how I might find out the way to Ae water, to the dwelling of bonnie Bess Dinwoodie.

"While I sat gazing about me, I observed a thin and curling line of smoke ascending from the base of the crag; it rose up thicker and blacker, and, wafted by the wind, gushed against my face; I never felt a vapour so strange and offensive. As I proceeded to consider the

various kinds of exhalations which arise from forest or fen, I saw a large and hungry dog come out of the wood. It uttered a cry of discovery, half howl and half bark, and coming near, seemed willing to leap at my throat. I threw it a piece of cheese; it caught and devoured it, and renewed its clamour. It was soon joined, to my utter dismay, by a human being. I never beheld a man with a look so startled and threatening. He was tall and strong-built, with hair long and matted, the colour of ashes, while his eyes, large, and staring, and raw, looked, as Lancie Lauborde the tailor said, 'like scored collops bordered with red plush.'

"He addressed me in a tone that in nowise redeemed his savage appearance. 'Weel met, quoth the wolf to the fox; weel met, my crafty lad; so ye have found out the bonnie bee-byke at last, as the boy said when he thrust his hand into the adder's den. I maun ken more

about ye, my lad; so tell me thy tale cleverly; else, I swear by the metal worm through which my precious drink dribbles, I will feast the fox and her five cubs on thy spool-bane. On my conscience, lad, as ye brew, so shall ye drink; and that's o'er fair a law for a gauger.' What this depraved being meant by his mysterious language, and what calling he followed, were alike matters of conjecture; his manner was certainly hostile and threatening. I told him I was passing towards the vale of Ae, and had lost my way in the mist. 'Lost your way in the mist, and found the way ye were seeking for, my wylie lad, I'll warrant; but I shall come at the bare truth presently.' So saying, he laid the flap of his shaggy coat aside, and, showing me a brace of pistols, and the hilt of a dirk stuck in a belt of rough leather, motioned me to follow him.

"Resistance was hopeless; we descended from the rock by a winding and

secret way, concealed among the ivy, and the branches of a spreading spruce fir. This brought us to a rude structure, resembling a shepherd's shed, half cavern and half building, and nearly hidden under the involving branches of two luxuriant firs. My guide half pushed me into this unpromising abode; a miserable hovel, loathsome and foul, and filled with a thick and noisome vapour. I was greeted on my entrance by a squat, thick-set, and squalid being, who, starting up from a couch of straw, exclaimed, 'Wha in the fiend's name's this ye have driven into our bit den of refuge in the desert, as ane wad drive a ratton into a trap? Deil drown me in a strong distillation, and that's an enviable death, if this lad's no a stripling exciseman, whelped in our unhappy land by the evil spirits of the government. If he's a gauger, take ye the spade and dig, and I'll take the sword and strike; for he shall never craw day again, else my name's nae mair Jock

Mackleg.' And the wretch, as he spoke, proceeded to sharpen an old sword on the strake of a scythe.

" ' Hooly, man, hooly with thy bit of rusty airn,' said his companion, ' ye're no sae handy with it when its warse needed, Jock, ye ken. I shall allow the young lad to live, be he devil, or be he gauger, and that's meikle waur, were it only that he might partake of that glorious spirit which I call ' stupefy,' but which wiser Jock Mackleg christened ' heart's-blood,' and learn of what a princely beverage he would deprive this poor taxed and bleeding land.' It happened well for me that these two wretches, though born for each other's society, like bosom bones, and necessary to each other in their detestable pursuits as the bark is to the bush, chose to be of different opinions respecting the mode of managing me, and thus John Mackleg expressed his dissent from his more moderate as well as powerful associate. ' And so he's to live and to

taste of the ‘ heart's blood!’ deil turn him into our distilling-worm first, that the liquid consolation the gauger tribe seek to deprive us of may run reeking through him. Ah, Mungo Macubin, ye're soft, ye're soft; ye would give the supervisor himself our hain'd drops of distillery dew; and for fear he should drop into a ditch, ye would carry him hame. I'll tell ye what—were ye Mungo Macubin seven times told, I will cease to be longer conjunct and several with you; else may I be whipt through the lang burgh of Lochmaben, with the halter of a gauger's horse.’ And still growling out anger, which he dared not more openly express, he threw himself down on a litter bed, while his companion, with a look of scorn, answered.—‘ Thou predestined block-head, am I a blind stabber behind backs in the dark, like thyself? Am I to harm the white skin of this young raw haspen of a lad, unless I ken why and wherefore? Spill his sweet life indeed! Faith, if this

lad threatened ye with six inches of cauld steel in his hand, though water five fathoms deep and seven mile wide divided ye, ye would be less free of your threats. So lie still there, and put thy bonnet on thy bald scalp, from which whiskey has scalded the hair: Ay, that will do. Now sit down, my wandering man of the mist, let me have a look at thee ; but first hold this cup of 'stupefy' to thy head. Faith, my birkie, if I thought ye kenn'd the might of whiskey by mathematical measuring, or any other dangerous government mode of ascertaining spiritual strength, I'd make ye swallow yere gauging sticks. So sit down ; else, by the spirit of malt and the heart of corn, I will make thee obedient.'

"I sat down on an empty cask, and holding in my hand a cup full of the hot and untaken-down liquor, which my entertainers were busied in preparing, I could not but give a few hurried glances round this wretched lodge in the wilderness.

The cabin itself seemed more the creation of distempered or intoxicated intellects, than the work of consideration and sobriety. At the entrance of a kind of cavern in the rock, a rude enclosure of stone was raised, the whole covered over with boughs and turf, with an opening in the side capable of admitting one person at a time. The floor was bedded with rushes and bracken, but trodden into mire, and moistened with a liquor of a flavour so detestable that I felt half suffocated; while the steam of a boiling caldron, mingling with the bitter smoke of green fir-wood, eddied round and round, and then gushed out into the morning air through the aperture by which I entered. In the cavern itself, I observed a fire glimmering, and something of the shape of a human being stretched motionless before it. This personage was clad in a garb of rough sheepskin, the wool shorn, or rather singed close, and an old fur cap slouched over

his ears, while his feet, wholly bare, and nearly soot-black, were heated among the warm ashes which he raked from the caldron fire. He lay on his belly, supporting his head with his hands; and about all his person nothing was white but the white of his eye. Beside him stood what seemed an old tobacco-box; he dipped it frequently into a pail of liquor; and, each time he carried it to his head, a strong smell of whiskey was diffused over the place.

"On the right hand of this menial drudge, lay the person of John Mackleg: an old Sanquhar rug interposed between him and the foul litter below; a small cask, the spigot of which was worn by frequent use, stood within reach; while a new-drained cup lay at his head, with a crust of bread beside it. On the other side sat Mungo Macubin, on a seat covered with a sheep-skin; and compared to his debased and brutish companions he seemed a spirit of light. In

spite of his disordered locks, and the habitual intoxication in which his eyes swam, his look was inviting, and even commanding. Something of better days and brighter hopes appeared about him. But in his eye frequently glimmered that transient and equivocal light, suspicious and fierce, which, influenced by drink, and inflamed by contradiction, rendered him an insecure companion. A sword lay on a shelf beside him, with several tattered books, a fish-spear, a fishing-rod, and a fowling-piece; and a fiddle, tuned perhaps during the delirium of drink, hung there with its disordered strings. I observed too the machinery of a wooden clock, the labour, I afterwards learned, of his knife; together with several spoons, and cups of sycamore, which he wanted the patience rather than the skill to finish. The notice which I took of this part of the establishment seemed far from displeasing to the proprietor.

" Around the shealing stood kegs and

vessels for containing liquor, all of portable dimensions, such as a man might readily carry; and I wanted not this to convince me that a whiskey-still of considerable magnitude was busy in the bosom of this wilderness. In the middle of the floor stood a rude table, the top of which had belonged to some neighbouring orchard, and still threatened in large letters the penalties of traps and guns to nightly depredators. It was swimming with liquor, and strewn with broken cups; and in the midst of the whole lay several of those popular publications which preach up the equality of human intellect and estate, and recommend, along with a general division of worldly goods, a more tolerant system of intercourse between the sexes. No doubt the excellent authors of those works would regard this appearance of their labours amid the Caledonian desert as a certain proof of fame; they would seek more than ever to attract men's affections to a more flexible system

of morality; to awaken a kind of devotion which affords more scope to the natural passions of the multitude, and to wean human regard from that austere doctrine which inculcates self-denial, and sundry other such unreasonable matters. On a paper which contained a printed list of rewards given by government, to men who had laboured for the good of their country, I observed a calculation of the proceeds of illicit distillations; while on the floor lay the skin of a fat wether recently killed, which still bore the mark of a neighbouring farmer, whose consent to this appropriation my companions, in the full relish of liberty, had not thought it necessary to obtain.

"During this examination, the eye of John Mackleg dwelt upon all my motions with increasing jealousy and distrust. At length, when my glance settled on the sheep-skin, he exclaimed, in a tone reproving and harsh, 'Deil be in ye, Mungo Macubin; will ye let that fiend's baited

hook of a gauger sit quietly there, and take an inventory of the only world's goods the oppression of man has left us? Take tent, lad, take tent; ye think him a bird that means nae mischief in his sang; bide ye a bit, ye may find him worse than a water-adder, and as cunning as lang. Sandie Frizel the sautman, who praised the tone of your fiddle, and your skill in cup-making, and having proven the excellence of our distillation, sent auld Wylie Metestick, the gauger, to look at our cavern of curiosities!' 'I'll tell ye what John,' said his companion; guide your tongue in a less graceless manner, else it may bring your foreteeth and my right-hand knuckles acquainted. Gauger! what puts it into thy gowk's head that the lad's a gauger? Thinkest thou that a single exciseman, and ane both soft and slim, would have dropped down into the adder's den? But where's the profit of carousing with such a clod of the valley as thee?' Here the chief manager of this

illicit establishment rose, and looked out into the wood; returned to his seat; and thus he resumed his conversation.

"'But where's the profit of putting trust in such a capon as thee? When the day comes that we have long looked for, you will put your hand to the full tankard rather than to the sharpened steel. And such a desirable day is not far distant, else let man believe no longer in white paper and black print. What says Ringan Alarum, of the Cowgate, in his strong paper called Liberty's Lighted Match, which auld Davie Dustyhause, the west-country skin-man, gave us when we sold him our cannily-come-by skins of three mug ewes. Does he not say as much as that that the sceptre will soon be more harmless than a shepherd's staff; the mitre as little reverenced as grey hairs, or a scone-bonnet; a coronet as empty as a drunkard's drained cup; and that Sunday shall be as Saturday, and Saturday as Sunday; that a silken gown, flounced

and furbelowed, will rustle as common in a peasant's sheal as the plaiden kirtle of maid Margery; and that Meg Milligan, in her linsey-woolsey, will be as good and as lordly as our madames with their perfumes and pearlins? Now John, my man, should all these pleasant things come to pass, I will build a whiskey-still as big as Wamphray-kirk, with a distillation-pipe large enough to pour a flood of pure spirit over the land, in which we might float a revenue cutter.'

"Flooded as the brain of John Mackleg seemed to be with the spirit which his own industry had produced, he had intellect enough remaining to appear visibly delighted with this promised picture of enjoyment. But his natural want of courage withheld him from indulging in his comrade's strain of unguarded rapture. 'O Lord, send it soon and sudden, Mungo! O man, soon and sudden! But I conjure ye, by the pith and power of malt, to speak lowne; O, man, speak lowne.'

'Then,' said his comrade, 'await the coming of the blessed time in silence. When it comes we shall have whiskey-stills in every kirk, and he that drinks longest shall rule and reign among us. I will choose myself out a warm home in a fertile land. The justice of the peace shall be dumb, and the gauger silent, and his measuring rods regarded no more. Our young men shall drink, and our young maidens dance; the minister of the parish shall fill our cups, and the pulpit and repentance-stool shall hold flagons and mutchkin stoups. I will go to bed with six pint stoups placed at my feet and six at my head; and when I grow doited and dizzy, the sweetest lass in the country-side shall sit and hold my head.' 'And I,' said John Mackleg, in a low and cautious tone, 'shall be the first laird of my whole kin; whiskey-brose shall be my breakfast, and my supper shall be the untaken-down spirit, with strength enough to float a pistol-bullet. I shall

be the first of the name of Mackleg who owned more land than they measured in the dowie kirk-yard.'

" His companion eyed him with a look particularly merry and ironical; ' Oh thou ambitious knave,' said Mungo Macubin, ' dost thou long to be lord of all the land which thou hast measured with thy drunken carcass? Why, man, thou hast meted out with that genealogical ell-wand half the land 'tween the sea-sand of Caerlaverock and the brown heathy hills of Durisdeer. And so thou thinkest a drunkard's fall on the earth has given thee possession of it? Plague take me, if I give my consent to such a dangerous monopoly.' The perverse being to whom this speech was addressed made light of its irony, and seizing a large two-eared quaigh, stooped his face into it till nothing remained above the brim save a fleece of sooty uncombed locks, and drained out the liquor at a breath. He hurled the empty cup to the

figure before the fire, and, though opposed by violent hiccupings, exclaimed, 'More! bring me more! that was delicious. Jock, Jenny Mason's Jock, fill that cog, my man, and hear ye me; come hither and haud it to my head, for I am no sae sicker as I should be; and that whin-stone rock seems as if it would whomble aboon me. And d'ye hear me, Jock Laggengird, let me have none of the dyke-water additions which Mungo Macubin makes to the prime spirit which he drinks. Taxes and stents have made Scotland's crowdie thin, and turned her warm brose into cauld steerie. If ye covet the present length of your lugs, let me have none of your penitential potations.'

"While Jenny Mason's descendant crawled to a cask, and turned a pin from which a pure liquid dribbled drop by drop into the cup, Mungo Macubin took down his fiddle, arranged the disordered strings, played a pleasant air, and accompanied it by singing the following

rustic verses, which I have since learned were of his own composition.

MUNGO MACUBIN'S SONG.

1.

Come toom the stoup! let the merry sun shine
On sculptured cups and the merry man's wine;
Come toom the stoup! from the bearded bear,
And the heart of corn, comes this life-drink dear.
The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me;
Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree.
The spirit of malt sae free and sae frank,
Is my minted money and bonds in the Bank.

2.

Come toom up the stoup; what must be must,
I'm cauld and canker'd, and dry as dust;
A simmering stoup of this glorious weet
Gives soaring plumes to Time's leaden feet.
Let yon stately madam, so mim and so shy,
Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by;
The spirit of maut, so frank and so free,
Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

3.

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon
Hangs canker'd care on the horns of the moon;

Is bed and bedding; and love and mirth
Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from the earth.
Come toom the stoup—it's delightful to see
The world run round, fit to whomel on me;
And yon bonnie bright star, by my sooth it's a shiner,
Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

4.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,
With your women, the plague and the plaything of fools;
Away with your crowns, and your sceptres, and mitres;
Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the smiters;
For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.
Lo! the floor's running round, the roof's swimming in glory,
And I have but breath for to finish my story.

"The arch, and something of a drunken gravity, with which this rhyme was chanted, with the accompanying 'thrum, thrum,' on the fiddle, rendered it far from unpleasant. John Mackleg, whether desirous of emulating his companion, or smitten, perhaps, with a wayward desire

of song, raised himself up from his lair, and improved the melody of a wild and indecorous rhyme, by the hollow sound extracted by means of his drinking quaigh from the head of an empty barrel. I can trust myself with repeating four of the verses only; the others, when the drink is at home and the understanding gone out, may be endured at midnight by the lee-side of a bowl of punch;—but I see by the gathering storm in the brow of that sedate dame, that I have said enough about the graceless song,—yet she will endure a specimen, I have some suspicion.

JOHN MACKLEG'S SONG.

1.

Good evening to thee, madam moon,
Sing brown barley bree,
Good evening to thee, madam moon,
Sing bree;
So gladsomely ye're glowering down,
Fu' loth am I to part so soon,
But all the world is running roun'
With me.

2.

A fair good morrow to thee, sun,
Sing brown barley bree;
A fair good morrow to thee, sun,
Sing bree;
Ye laugh and glory in the fun,—
But look, my stoup is nearly run,
And, 'las! my cash is mair than done,
With me.

3.

Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,
Sing brown barley bree,
Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,
Sing bree;
Who wooes thee on the gowany grass,
Ere he has cool'd him with the tass,
Should through a three-fold penance pass,
For me.

4.

O fair's the falcon in his flight,
Sing brown barley bree;
And sweet's a maiden at midnight,
Sing bree:
And welcome is the sweet sun-light,—
But here's a sweeter, blither sight,
The blood of barley pouring bright,
For me.

" Such was a part of the song, and the better part of it. As soon as he had ended his unmelodious chant, he silently raised the quaigh of liquor to his lips, and laying his head back, the liquid descended into the crevice, as water drops into the chink of a rock. In a moment he started up, with curses murmuring on his lips, and hurling the quaigh, half full of liquor, at the head of the son of Janet Mason, exclaimed,—' Sinner that thou art, thou hast filled my cup out of the barrel of reduced spirit prepared for Andrew Erngrey, the Cameronian. It is as cauld and fizzenless as snow-water, though good enough to cheer the saints at a mountain preaching. I tell ye, my man, if you indulge yourself in such unsonsie pranks, I shall bait Mungo Macubin's fox-trap with your left lug.'

" The drunkard's missile was hurled by a hand which it had helped to render unsteady; it flew over the prostrate descendant of Janet Mason, and striking

against the furnace, poured its contents into the fire. Such was the strength of the liquid, that, subdued as it was for a devout person's use, the moment it touched the fire a sudden and bright flame gushed up to the roof of the shealing, and, kindling the dried grassy turf, flashed along it like gunpowder. I started up, and seizing the raw sheep-skin, fairly smothered and struck out the flame, which would soon have consumed the whole illicit establishment. As I resumed my seat, Mungo Macubin seized my hand, and nearly wringing it from my wrist, in joy exclaimed, ' By my faith, lad, ye are a rid-handed one, and well do ye deserve a share in the profits of our distillation. Who would have thought that a stolen sheepskin, or rather the skin of a stolen sheep, could have quenched such a furious flame? And now, let me tell you, John Mackleg, if you touch whiskey or let whiskey touch you, for these four-and-

twenty hours, I will surely measure out your inheritance with that scoundrel carcass of yours.' And with a stamp of his foot, and a lour of his brow, he awed his companion into fear and submission.

" I could see that the chief conductor of this wild establishment no longer regarded me with distrust or suspicion. He seated himself between his fiercer comrade and me, as if he dreaded outrage; and pulling a soiled book from his bosom, appeared to examine it with some attention. It was one of those political labours of the London press, where the author, addressing himself to the multitude, had called in the powerful aid of engraving to render the obscurity of language intelligible. Our southern peasantry, with that love of the simplicity of ancient days which regards instruction as a trick of state, and wishes to reduce the tyranny of learning to the primitive score and tally, have maintained their natural condition

in such entire purity, that literature in addressing them is fain to make use of sensible signs and tokens. Of these this book was full; but its owner turned over the leaves with a dissatisfied and disdainful eye, and at last threw it in contempt into the caldron fire. He took up his fiddle again, and after playing snatches of several serious airs, sang some verses with a tone of bitter sorrow which showed little sympathy with the poetry. I remember several stanzas.

MY MIND TO ME MY KINGDOM IS.

1.

Full thirty winter snows, last yule,
Have fallen on me mid pine and dool,
My clothing scant, my living spare,
I've reckon'd kin with woe and care;
I count my days and mete my grave;
While Fortune to some brainless knave
Holds up her strumpet cheek to kiss:
My mind to me my kingdom is.

For faded friendship need I sigh,
Or love's warm raptures long flown by,
When fancy sits and fondly frames
Her angels out of soulless dames?
Sick of ripe lips and sagemen's rules,
The faith of knaves and fash of fools;
And scorning that, and loathing this,
My mind to me my kingdom is.

3.

The Muse with laurel'd brow in vain
Sweeps by me with her vision'd train;
I've bow'd my head and ruled my hand
Too long beneath her magic wand.
Shall I go shrouded to my hearse,
Full of the folly of vain verse?
I'll court some soberer, surer bliss;
My mind to me my kingdom is.

"Something in the song of Mungo Macubin had awakened a train of thought of a nature too soft for his present hazardous calling; his looks darkened down in a kind of moody sorrow, and I could imagine that retrospection was busy with him. He observed the interest which my looks testified I took in his fate, took

me by the hand with much kindness, and said in a mingled tone of bitterness and sorrow, ‘ I have often thought that we have less control over our fate than we ought, and that an evil destiny dogs us through life, and pursues us to perdition. Take counsel, I beseech ye, from my words, and warning from my conduct; this shealing contains a being whose fate may be a text for you to preach from till these black locks grow grey.—Listen, and then say with the Word, ‘ surely one vessel is made for honour, and another for dishonour.’ All I have cherished, or loved, or looked with kindness upon, have passed away, departed, and sunk to death or dishonour; and all I have saved from the stream of destiny is the wretched wreck on which you look. I beheld men of dull and untutorable intellects blessed and doubly blessed. I saw the portion of folly growing as lordly as the inheritance of wisdom, and I said in the vanity of my heart, shall I not

also be beloved and happy? But man's success is not of his own shaping:—my cattle died, my crops failed, my means perished, and one I loved dearly forgot me; I could have forgiven that—she forgot herself. I have nothing now to solace or cheer me—I look forward without hope, and the present moment is so miserable that I seek to forget myself in the company of two wretches who are not disturbed with those forebodings which are as a demon to me. This stringed instrument, the carving of these cups, and the making of that wooden time-piece, with that caldron brimful to me of the liquor of oblivion, form the sum of all existing enjoyment. But from them, from this sodded sheal, from this barren spot, and this lonesome desert, I shall soon be dragged or driven; for, sorrowful and miserable as I am, my lot is far too happy to last.'

"Never were words more ominously true than the last words of poor Mungo

Macubin; even as he spoke a human shadow darkened the door, another succeeded, and a third, and a fourth, followed close behind; he saw all this with a composure of face and an alacrity of resource truly surprising. He drew his pistol, he bared his sword, and, at the motion of his hand, the silent and prostrate being at the caldron snatched a piece of blazing fir from the fire, and sought counsel from the conduct or motions of his leader. I heard a sort of suppressed parley at the door, and presently several armed men made a dash through the aperture, exchanging blow and shot with Macubin, who, overthrowing one of the boldest of the officers, forced his way unhurt through all opposition, and disappeared in the thick wood. Meanwhile his companion applying the fir-torch to the roof, the shealing was filled with smoke, and flame, and human outcry. The fire seized the combustible wood, touched the inflammable spirit,

and, wrapping all in a flame, ascended in a high and bright column above the green forest. I escaped into the wood, and never saw that wild spot, nor one of those men, more."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

This Day is published, Price 7s. in Boards,

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, a Dramatic Poem:—The MERMAID of GALLOWAY:—The RHYME LEGEND of RICHARD FAULDER;—and TWENTY SCOTTISH SONGS. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Printed for Taylor and Hessey, Fleet-street; and John Thomson and Co., and John Anderson, Edinburgh.

The following Character is given of this Work in the new Novel by the Author of Waverley:

"*Author.* There is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent-pens. I cannot make neat work without such appurtenances.

"*Captain.* Do you mean Allan Ramsay?

"*Author.* No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who has just published his tragedy of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole, as I dearly wish I could infuse into my Culinary Remains, should I ever be tempted to publish them.

"With a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may perhaps only note its defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan, you are a credit to Caledonia for all that. There are some lyrical effusions of his too, which you would do well to read, Captain. 'It's hame, and it's hame,' is equal to Burns." *Introductory Epistle to the Fortunes of Nigel.*

"A large portion of the present volume is filled by a dramatic poem, partly traditional and partly imaginary, and which displays very high poetical powers, with somewhat of an uncurbed fancy. It abounds in fine description, and is by no means deficient in true dramatic feeling. The Legend of Richard Faulder is exceedingly

wild, but perhaps as eminently poetical as any thing in the volume. The twenty songs are all excellent." *Monthly Rev. April*, 1822.

"The principal poem in this volume is cast in the dramatic form. The piece opens in a highly interesting and poetical manner, and immediately awakens a degree of attention which is kept up with unabated interest to the end. The dialogue is full of beauty, pregnant with moral reflections, and abounding almost to excess with imagery and ornament." *New Monthly Mag. May*, 1822.

"There is a genuine spirit of poetry in this volume, which throws all defects into the shade, and which must add considerably to the reputation which the author already enjoys." *Monthly Mag. April*, 1822.

Preparing for Publication, in 4 Vols. small 8vo.

SCOTTISH SONGS, Ancient and Modern; illustrated with Notes, a Critical Introduction, and Characters of the Most Eminent Lyric Poets of Scotland. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

This collection will contain all the Scottish lyrics of acknowledged beauty; together with more than a hundred new, and many old songs of no ordinary merit, recovered from tradition.

Many imperfect songs will be found completed as much as possible in their own peculiar spirit and feeling,—and all which require it, will be purified of their indelicacy, without diminishing the naiveté and freshness, or impairing the character of our native song.

In the Introduction it is proposed to enter freely into the peculiarities of Scottish song—its resemblance to the lyrics of England, with its affinity to the national and domestic feelings of the people, and the influence it exercises over the mind.

The characters of our most eminent lyric poets will be drawn with a tenderness, which alike respects their memories, and the truth of impartial criticism. The pastoral elegance of Hamilton,—the sweetness and truth of Crawford,—the rustic glee and liveliness of Ramsay,—and the humour, the pathos, the tenderness, and native witty grace of Burns,—will be compared with the elegance, the beauty, the pathetic sweetness, and wayward graces of those traditional or unacknowledged songs of which we possess so many admirable specimens.

The notes will be found curious and amusing, interspersed with anecdotes, and with many of those singular remnants of ancient song yet so common in the Lowlands of Scotland.

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET-STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 041775492